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PRICE ONE PENNY.



[THREE CHARMING ROMPS.]

MYRA THE COQUETTE.

CHAPTER III.

THE annual festivity had always been a great treat and amusement to Myra; her lively spirits and extreme good humour made her an especial favourite with the school children, who vied with each other in securing her as their partner in the dance on the green, or as leader in some active, rural sport; but although she was pleased in thus giving pleasure to others, she had never been unmindful of the gratification to be personally derived from the attentions of the male portion of the guests, when the gentry condescended to join the later diversions of the children in the park, and remained for the more exclusive attractions of the evening and the house.

"Just as I hoped, Mabel," cried Myra, almost dancing into the little drawing-room, "the groom from Hilton Park has just placed these two notes in my hand; read yours first. I suppose it contains a properly worded invitation for us both, from Sir James and Lady Johnson, to the annual school treat, etc."

"You might have peeped into the envelope before delivering it," replied Mabel, smiling, "you have so accurately described its contents, and your own note, what does that say, and from whom is it?"

"Only one of Amelia Johnson's gushing compositions, she longs to pour out her heart to me, and raves about some Italian prince they met in Naples, who has promised to pay them a visit, and against whose fascinations she warns me, as if," said Myra heroically, "there lives the man who could in any way withdraw my heart from Leonard!"

Mabel looked up quickly. "I like that speech Myra, and believe it, but you said a few days ago that you would—you were determined that you would—do something in the flirting way, just to tease him."

Myra blushed. "Yes, and I repeat it, Mabel, but

only to tease him. I should never go to any length. I should know when and where to stop."

"I doubt it, my dear girl; that of which you speak so lightly is as truly a sin and crime, in my opinion, as those which are publicly denounced as such. A girl who has given a man her promise to become his wife should consider herself as much bound to keep from attracting, or permitting exclusive attention from other men, as if their marriage vows had been exchanged."

"Oh, I know your hard and fast ideas on the subject," said Myra, looking flushed and vexed, "and I wish you may be rewarded for your consistency, but you have said nothing about the obligations binding on an engaged man. I hope you think the same severe rules should equally apply to both sexes."

"To a certain extent—yes," replied her cousin, smiling in spite of her earnestness at the defiant look and tone of the youthful querist; "but men seldom or ever flirt after they are engaged, unless some silly girl tries to touch their vanity—man's 'besetting sin'—by making them believe they have previously gained a victory over their affections."

"In such a case you would grant them absolution from the sin of having swerved from their allegiance?" said Myra, with a saucy glance. "But now, to put a case, as Mr. Pennethorne, our respected Bushbury lawyer, would say, how would you act, supposing that you heard, on credible testimony, that your 'constant Albert,' as he always signs himself, had displaced your loyal image from his heart, pro. tem., of course, in favour of some dusky-skinned beauty? Now, as they say in the House, 'I pause for a reply.'"

"Do not mock or jest on that subject, I entreat," said Mabel, with a trembling lip; "my love is so interwoven with my life that were I deprived of the one the other would inevitably be sacrificed."

"Forgive me, dearest cousin," said Myra, impulsively kissing her. "You know I did but joke; there can be no fear of your having such a trial, and

not many days hence you will receive your monthly packet of constancy and affection."

"I trust so," she rejoined; "but I never remember feeling so depressed and nervous as the time draws near. I must endeavour to conquer this weakness, and still trust to the overruling Providence which has so long watched over us."

Myra was silenced for a few moments by her cousin's unusual emotion, but her gay spirits could not long be damped, and she raised a smile on Mabel's thoughtful face by suddenly exclaiming:

"Doubtless your letter from Captain Heathfield will contain all sorts of good advice and caution to my unworthy self on the subject of my solemn engagement."

"And I am sure you will appreciate it, as a proof of his sincere regard for you," was the affectionate remark with which Mabel closed the discussion.

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"To-morrow will be the gala-day at the Johnsons. Of course, Leonard, you will accompany us?" and it would have been a difficult task for any man, much less a devoted lover, to resist the pleading glance of the blue eyes lifted to his face, and the winning smile and tone in which Myra Linton conveyed her expectation.

The answer of St. Clair, who had only arrived from London the day before, satisfied the exacting little beauty both in words and action; but although she had never dared to renew her wilful declaration to her cousin that she would take the opportunity of this birthday fête to "rouse up" her lover by a little mild flirtation with Petersfield Johnson, or some other gentleman (it is to be feared the vaunted "Italian prince" flitted across her thoughts as a possible attaché), still her intention remained unshaken to commit this imprudence—"but only to tease him," she kept repeating to herself.

The wished-for day arrived; the sun shone bright and fair, a soft breeze tempering the summer heat; and when Myra tripped into the little drawing-room, arrayed in a simple white muslin dress, trimmed here

and there with blue ribbons, and a small gipsy hat, encircled with a wreath of "forget-me-nots," she looked as pretty a personification of a pastoral shepherdess as ever crossed the fancy of a poet or graced a painter's easel.

"Are you not dressed, Mabel?" she inquired in dismay, on beholding her cousin seated languidly in her low chair by the open window.

"I am not going, my love," she answered, with a faint smile. "You must forgive me, but the Indian mail was telegraphed yesterday to Southampton, and this afternoon's post may bring me a letter. I could not enjoy the gay scene you anticipate until I have this anxiety removed."

"What a shameful, horrid nuisance," cried Myra, "to think that Sir James should be stupid enough to have his birthday so malapropos."

St. Clair entered the room just as she made this inconsistent speech, but her bright, girlish beauty, the piquant expression of her face brightened by the pout of her pretty lips, and the love which prompted her petulance shining from her azure eyes, entirely forbade censure or criticism, and substituted admiration, alike for her loveliness and her warm attachment to her cousin.

"Go, dear girl, and enjoy yourself, as you desire to do," said Mabel, with a parting kiss. "Having him with you whom you have elected to the throne of your first love, you cannot fail to be happy; and you will both the more readily accept the excuse for my absence from feeling that were you to be separated on this festive day it would deprive each of you of entire enjoyment."

Thus dismissed, the affianced lovers set forth on their walk towards Hilton Hall, and Leonard was so attentive in manner, so agreeable in conversation, that Myra felt quite a pride in the thought that she should be able to announce to her "gushing" friend (as she styled Miss Johnson) that this handsome, clever, and accomplished young man was her own devoted lover.

For a brief period she even dismissed the idea of renewing a flirtation with Petersfield Johnson, or of commencing one with any other eligible male of the party, and but for adventitious circumstances this good resolution might have remained unbroken. The first attack on her prudent determination occurred when they had reached about half-way to the Hall, and this perhaps the wilful little flirt had anticipated, or she would not have resisted St. Clair's request to diverge from the gravel road, and cut across the greenward of the park beneath the shade of the magnificent elm trees, for which the place was renowned.

Certain it is that she evinced more pleasure than surprise when a beautiful little phaeton, drawn by a pair of spirited chestnut ponies, was checked at her side, and the driver, Mr. Petersfield Johnson, raising his hat, with his rather boyish face glowing with excitement, exclaimed:

"I was in hopes of saving you the whole walk from Bushbury this hot day, Miss Linton, but as it is I hope you will at least give me the pleasure of driving you the remainder of the way to the house."

He leaped down as he spoke, and held out his hand as an old and privileged acquaintance to the blushing and gratified girl.

St. Clair drew back, haughty and surprised. Myra caught the look, and hastily introduced the young man to each other; it was too soon to begin open defiance of Leonard's authority, particularly as she wished to parade him, as it were, as her captive, and thereupon she whispered a request that he would allow her to accompany the son of their host and hostess, as he had been so kind as to come for her.

"And you will soon rejoin us, dear Leonard, and I shall have the pleasure of introducing you to all my other friends."

So saying, she kissed one hand to him, and then extending the other to Petersfield Johnson, she lightly jumped into the phaeton, and taking the reins from the young man with a sunny smile, the ponies were soon speeding rapidly homewards, under her guidance, whilst St. Clair, after pausing a few moments in mortification, followed at a leisurely pace.

Sir James and Lady Johnson courteously awaited, and received their guests at the grand entrance to the Hall, and Myra's arrival was hailed with sincere pleasure by them both.

Her unaffected vivacity, and the sincerity of her regard for them, had proved a great charm in the eyes of those who had grown weary of the artificial surface of society, and as they had formed plans for the matrimonial settlement of their not overwise son, which, from his habitual deference to their opinion, they felt secure would be carried out, when they desired it, his mild attentions to their pretty favourite gave them more satisfaction than uneasiness, as Myra's lively spirits and gay converse

stimulated him to imitation, whilst at the same time they hid his deficiencies.

Amelia Johnson soon joined the group, and having greeted her young friend with her usual effusiveness, drew her immediately aside to give (and she expected to receive) confidence on the all-absorbing subjects of love and lovers.

But Myra, all at once, resolved to hear all and tell nothing, for it flashed through her mind, that if she were to name St. Clair as her affianced lover, Amelia would consider she ought not to permit or encourage attention or admiration from any other man; and that was the very thing she had come expressly to do, if possible, or how could she "rouse up" Leonard.

"Are we to be allowed to see this paragon?" she inquired archly, after her friend had dilated on the mental and personal attractions of "le Prince Della Melonia."

"He will join us by-and-bye," she replied, with a blush. "but he is very proud, very exclusive, and we did not press him to mix with our villagers. He is very difficult to please also in matters of taste and beauty, so do not be vexed, dearest," she added, rather sarcastically, "if he does not pay you any particular attention."

"Vexed!" cried Myra, with a little forced laugh. "Oh! dear no, I should never presume to expect any attention from one so infinitely superior in every respect. Vexed, indeed!" and she turned away with an air of indignation which secretly amused her gushing friend.

There were several guests, mostly young people, already assembled in the dining-room, where a cold collation had been spread, and an introduction effected between those hitherto strangers.

Leonard St. Clair, accustomed to good society, felt no awkwardness when he entered the room, after being announced, as he had met some of the juniors of the family at several parties the previous year; but he certainly experienced considerable annoyance that Myra, instead of introducing him to Sir James and his lady in a manner which would have proclaimed their engagement, took no further notice of him than by a smile and a familiar nod, and continued an animated conversation with a young officer whom he remembered seeing her wait with in the winter.

He stood irresolute for a brief period, and then approached the back of her chair, bending over which he whispered a few words, which made her start and blush with vexation and anger.

"Do not make us conspicuous, Leonard, I beg," she said, in the same low tone. "I thought we came here to enjoy ourselves, and assist in the enjoyment of others, and these intentions cannot be carried out if we are to be tied to each other's society alone."

"Ah! here come the school children," cried Miss Johnson, interrupting most opportunely the angry retort Leonard was about to make. "Will you escort me to meet them, Mr. St. Clair?" she added, graciously, "as I see most of my friends are already provided with cavaliers."

Myra shot a triumphant glance at her lover, as he, with evidently unwilling courtesy, presented his arm to her friend, and then she ran gaily off towards the advancing children, closely followed by Captain Sparkes and Petersfield.

A school treat is joyous, and enjoyable to others besides the juveniles to whom it is given. The sight of the youthful faces, lighted up with the glow of anticipated pleasure, and their exuberant spirits scarcely restrained into the decorous step required for "the march past" their superiors, touches a chord of sympathy in every generous heart, whether in young or old, and makes it truly a holiday for all.

And then the little groups seated in orderly disorder on the soft, green turf, the eager looks turned towards the trays of bread and butter, and baskets of buns, and the great jugs of tea borne towards them by the young ladies and gentlemen; the hungry clutch at the eatables, and the almost simultaneous upraising of the tiny mugs or cups to receive the fragrant and refreshing liquid, it is a feast better worth paying for than many a grand banquet where appetite is pallied and satiated with dainties.

And now the feast is ended for the present, a simple grace is sung, and the welcome words are uttered by the indefatigable schoolmaster.

"Now children, be off and enjoy yourselves."

No need for a second order; with shouts of delight from the boys, and gleeful laughter from the girls, all rush to begin their sports.

Myra had been quite contented by the assiduity with which Petersfield Johnson attended upon her, whilst she good-naturedly distributed slices of cake, etc., to the younger children, and bore with equanimity Captain Sparkes having become more general in his attentions, now acting as cavalier to

Miss Johnson, now fluttering round other young ladies, and occasionally bestowing such compliments as: "Pon honour, Miss Linton, you shame us all by your unwearied activity," which being uttered in languid, drawing tones, did not speak much for the sincerity of the gallant officer. There was not much opportunity for conversation, even had young Johnson been versed in that agreeable "art," as it may well be termed, but he listened with pleasure to the lively sallies of his companion, laughed when she did, obeyed her wishes with the utmost promptitude, and was altogether so empressé, as to effectually carry out the desire of the wilful girl that Leonard St. Clair should be "teased" by the devotion thus exhibited. His expressive countenance portrayed the varied feelings of his heart, and her own thrilled with unworthy exultation at his evident discomposure.

Although at first surprised and mortified at her repudiation of his claims on her undivided attention, St. Clair's good sense soon showed him she was partially right; it would not be pleasant for all parties, if they were to be constantly together, and not assist in making themselves generally useful and agreeable, so that phase in love's "pleasing pains" passed over, and he assisted with the other gentlemen in waiting on the juveniles. But when these dispersed to cricket, trap-bat and ball, etc., St. Clair eagerly sought Myra, fully expecting a welcome both by smiles and words. She pretended not to notice his approach, and gaily yielded herself to the urgent wishes of some of the elder school girls, that she should join them in a favourite rustic game.

Leonard bore this also with tolerable patience—they were only school girls she was exerting herself for," but when the exercise and excitement added glow to her cheeks, and brightness to her eyes, her loveliness attracted manly attention, and the game of "Faggots" soon received a reinforcement of gentlemen.

St. Clair would not join in it; he moved to the side of Lady Johnson, and excused himself from taking part in active sports by pleading his recent recovery from illness; but he kept an anxious watch on the movements of his "lady-love," and could not subdue a throb of jealousy in observing that Petersfield Johnson constantly secured a place near her.

Some of the younger children, who had at first stood in the merry ring, became shy and awkward when thus joined by their superiors, and withdrew from the group to get up a little dance of their own.

Presently this also was abandoned, and a long string of laughing girls and boys, headed by Miss Johnson and several of her young friends, ran gaily through the apparently endless task of "threading my grandmother's needle," until flushed and tired with such unusual efforts, the leaders cried "halt," and left the children to themselves.

The "faggots" were broken up at the same time, and an adjournment to the house proposed, to which no dissentient voice was raised, but some deserters were missed.

"Where is Miss Linton?" inquired Sir James, who having lately had a sharp touch of gout, had prudently watched the amusements from an open window.

"I saw her a few minutes since with Miss Curtis and her sister," drawled the recalcitrant Captain Sparkes, who had a timid, plain, reputed heiress on his arm, "they appeared willing victims to some rustic enthusiasts."

"They will tire themselves to death," cried Lady Johnson; "it is unnecessarily kind of the dear girl (thinking most of her young favourite), Mr. St. Clair," turning to her escort, "will you have the goodness to fetch these truant? I believe you are well acquainted with Miss Linton."

St. Clair bowed, and departed on his errand.

"Well acquainted with Miss Linton." So these were the terms he was supposed to be on with the girl who was his affianced wife.

Never again would he enter mixed society with Myra in this false position. His maply delicacy forbade him from naming their engagement himself, but he chafed under the irritable feeling that he was thereby prevented asserting his right to forbid her accepting the attentions of other men.

"I will not endure it after to-day," he thought, as he drew near a group of girls seated round Myra and her companions.

They had selected a grassy dell, shaded by the boughs of some fine elm trees which partially hid him from view, and although Leonard took no pains to conceal his approach, the deep, mossy ground yielded so softly to his steps that the girls, engaged in a merry game, were insensible to any other sight or sound.

Tired out with the active sports they had so long shared in, the young ladies had willingly granted the desire of their youthful companions to sit down and

rest in such a pretty, quiet spot, and were now good-naturedly joining in one of their favourite games.

As Leonard drew nigh a hearty burst of laughter followed some speech of one of the girls, and then the gay voice of Myra greeted her lover's ears.

"Well, Mary Giles and Susan Jones, you have told us how you would serve the three schoolfellows of your brothers; now ask Miss Curtis what she would do for any three of her gentlemen friends."

"No, no," laughed Annie Curtis. "Ask Miss Linton that question. I have no particular friends," she emphasised.

Mrs. Curtis and her two daughters were residents in Bushbury, and Annie, being quite aware of Mr. St. Clair's frequent visits to Oakdale Cottage, had given a shrewd guess at the real state of affairs.

Myra's thoughtless speech instantly awakened the thought that this ridiculous game would give her an opportunity of a sly hint at Myra's unacknowledged attachment, and therefore she repeated her words:

"Do, girls, ask Miss Linton, and let me name the three gentlemen," she added, mischievously.

Myra looked vexed, almost angry. She felt intuitively that her saucy friend would name St. Clair as one of the three candidates for her selection, and although resolved not to sanction Annie's suspicions, she could not bear to speak of him flippantly.

"It is too childish and ridiculous for grown up people," she said, rising from the grass with an attempt at dignity, but at this moment she caught sight of Leonard's advancing figure, and again the spirit of evil reigned triumphant.

"But make haste then, if you must be so silly," she added, turning to Annie, and reseatting herself. Her tormentor stood up, and assuming a grave, mysterious air, slowly inquired:

"If Mr. Petersfield Johnson, Captain Sparkes, and Mr. Leonard St. Clair (a pause) were all on the top of the church steeple, which would you carry down, which would you throw down, and which would you leave for the crows to peck?"

St. Clair heard his own name, and paused in his approach. He knew it was all said in jest, mere childish nonsense, but still he could not refrain from waiting for Myra's decision, and this was what he heard, as slowly and emphatically recited as had been the questions.

"I would carry down Mr. Petersfield Johnson, I would throw down the Captain, and I would leave Mr. St. Clair for the crows to peck."

Silly, foolish nonsense as it was, it gave St. Clair a shock and pang, and he walked hurriedly forward lest any speech should wound his pride and feelings.

Annie Curtis and her sister both uttered a little shriek on seeing him; whilst Myra blushed deeply, and exclaimed:

"I hope you have not been listening to our nonsense, Leon—Mr. St. Clair."

Leonard bowed rather coldly, and addressing himself to the young ladies collectively, said:

"I am requested by Lady Johnson to escort you all back to the Hall, as your absence has caused surprise and regret to several of the party assembled."

They moved forward in obedience to this intimation, Myra finding time to tell the disconcerted school girls they should have one more dance before they left, and then following her companions with rather lagging steps.

"I wonder if he heard, and was offended," being the thought which caused her lingering pace.

CHAPTER IV.

"THANK the stars that is over," cried Sir James Johnson, as the children, after singing discordantly a verse of "God save the Queen," and obeying their teacher's orders to give "three cheers for their kind friends at the Hall," marched out of the park in the plenitude of youthful gratification.

"And now, my young friends," continued the Baronet, turning to the more aristocratic guests, whose numbers had been gradually increased, "we will try whether you cannot spend an hour or two in less fatiguing amusements. If any of you young fellows want a cigar, you will find a box of prime ones in my son's study, ha! ha! study indeed! and when you have enjoyed your smoke, come in here," and he threw open the door of the drawing-room, wherein Lady Johnson was already entertaining some of the mothers of the younger ladies. My daughter means to get up a dance, I hear, so remember, sans ceremonie is the order of this evening, no dress boots, no furs, and you girls," turning to them, "run off and take off your hats and bonnets, and rejoin us as soon as you have smoothed your hair and put on your dancing shoes, for I'll be bound you have each brought a pair in your pocket—you may laugh, you silly puss," he concluded, pinching Myra's little ear, and he walked off to his own apartment.

Sir James being a bluff, hearty old gentleman, kind, hospitable and generous, his jokes were always taken in good part by his juniors, and in obedience to his wishes the guests were soon reassembled.

"Now, my dear Amelia, will you show your friends into our extempore ball-room," said Lady Johnson, rising from her seat on the sofa beside two portly matrons.

"I am only waiting for the prince, mamma," replied her daughter, slightly blushing. "He requested to be told when we should commence our home amusements. I have sent Martin to inform him."

Almost as she spoke the door was thrown open by the butler, and "His Highness Prince Della Melonia" was announced.

All eyes turned on the distinguished guest as he advanced with a languid grace towards his hostess. He was tall and well formed, with pale, classical features, and fine, dark eyes, but his expression was not pleasing. He looked both haughty and indolent, and as if it were at once too much trouble and too condescending to notice any one but the members of his host's family.

He addressed Lady Johnson in a low tone in his native language, but on receiving her reply in English, turned to Amelia, and in that tongue murmured some request, to which she gave an immediate assent by placing her hand within his offered arm with a gratified smile.

"Will you kindly follow me?" she said, turning to the rest of the party, and a purple velvet window curtain being withdrawn by a footman, they all passed into a large marquee, which had been tastefully decorated as a ball room. A very good band had been placed on an elevated platform, and to their inspiring strains young and lovely forms were soon mingling in the mazy waltz, or more discreet quadrille.

St. Clair had had a hard struggle to subdue his feelings after his unintended intrusion on the group in the mossy dell, but pride helped him to give no outward sign of his annoyance to the thoughtless girls who had caused it.

It was not that he believed for one moment that Myra, by her assured gravity, really meant to show she liked or esteemed him less than the shallow captain or the good-natured, but unintellectual son of their worthy host, but it certainly galled him that she could not allow others but herself to speak in such a flippant way of the man to whom she had promised ere long to vow "love, honour, and obedience."

But he would overlook it for to-night; he must tell her of it on the morrow. No doubt she was already convinced that she had done wrong, and would try to make up for having wounded his feelings by showing double pleasure at the renewal of his loyal attentions.

With these generous, confiding feelings he was about to offer his arm to Myra, and secure her for his partner in the first dance, when his steps were intercepted by Lady Johnson.

Being anxious to show particular attention to this handsome new acquaintance, and unconscious of the relations existing between him and her young favourite, Myra, she, with a most winning air, begged to introduce him to the eldest Miss Curtis, who, she was sure, would be most happy to accord him her hand in the quadrille just forming.

Neither party were well pleased at this arrangement. St. Clair could not forget that the young lady had originated the foolish jest which had so annoyed him, and she, on her part, not knowing whether to apologise or keep silent on the subject, felt so awkward that she would far rather have avoided his company than have been thus completely thrust upon his attention.

However, the usages of society forbade open demonstration of their mutual dissatisfaction, and as they entered the inviting, flower-decked marquee Leonard had the additional mortification of seeing his fiancée, all smiles and vivacity, led to her place in the quadrille by Petersfield Johnson, as vis-à-vis to his sister, and the handsome, haughty prince.

If lookers-on see most of the game it is not always an agreeable occupation, and a similar observation may apply to the side couples in a quadrille, if—as in the case we are describing—these said couples have been paired together by etiquette rather than inclination.

Under these circumstances it is difficult and embarrassing to get up any topic to talk on—conversation, of course, is not expected—whilst the other parties are literally "taking the initiatory steps" in the amusement of the evening; and Leonard St. Clair felt particularly distrustful as he stood by the side of Annie Curtis, and watched with jealous eyes the fairy form of Myra as she danced with grace, and more spirit than her friend Miss Johnson considered was consistent with her own movements as the partner of a prince.

As soon as his duty was performed St. Clair placed Miss Curtis by the side of her mother, and hastened to follow his inclination by addressing Myra, who had not reached Lady Johnson's chair.

"Will you dance this next quadrille with me, dearest?" he pleaded, in a low, tender voice.

Myra blushed brightly.

"Yes, with pleasure," she answered, "but the next dance is a waltz, and I have promised Mr. Johnson to join it with him."

Even as she spoke the band struck up one of Strauss's irresistible, and Petersfield passing his arm round her slender waist, they at once set the example of rapidly whirling round the room to sundry other votaries of Terpsichore.

Lady Johnson noticed the shade which fell over the young man's face, but attributing it to his being disappointed of a partner, good naturedly inquired:

"Don't you waltz, Mr. St. Clair? I will find you a partner immediately."

"Pardon me for declining your kindness," he replied, "but I am not particularly fond of dancing, and think that on a warm evening in June the exercise is more fatiguing than agreeable."

"I agree with you now I am old and gouty," said Sir James, laughing at St. Clair's serious countenance, "but when I was your age I should have gone stark, staring mad if my lady here had not been my partner in every other dance at least, from the first hands across and back again to the good old Sir Roger do Coverley to finish with."

"But has Mr. St. Clair any lady-love here to pay such attentions to, or expect such favours from?" simpered Annie Curtis mischievously, determined to pay him off for his late silence and indifference.

St. Clair flushed angrily, but vouchsafed no reply.

"That's right, my good fellow," cried Sir James, "don't answer her, you are not in a Confessional. Well, I can't say I like the waltz much myself, but my son and daughter have been so much abroad, and young folks must and will follow the fashion."

The waltz concluded, but the cavaliers did not immediately resign their fair partners, a promenade into the cool conservatory being graciously acceded to.

Leonard was becoming heart-sick and angry. Did Myra intend purposely to avoid him, or was it the contretemps frequent on such occasions which prevented their association. He would follow her, she should not have to complain of his defection—yes, there she was, radiant with smiles and gratified vanity, listening to that insipid youth Petersfield Johnson, and evidently conscious that the fine dark eyes of Prince Della Melonia were expressing admiration of her loveliness. Leonard could bear it no longer; he stepped hastily forward, and his voice trembled with suppressed emotion as he said:

"Allow me to remind you of my claim upon your hand."

"For the next quadrille," she interrupted, with a light laugh. "Oh! I have not forgotten it; is the set forming?"

"Not at this present moment, but the brief period which will elapse until that is the case you will surely not object to sit with me," replied Leonard in the same low tone; "we have scarcely exchanged a word the whole evening, and although I yielded to your wish of not monopolising your society, I did not expect to be so completely debarré from it."

"How silly you are," returned Myra, glancing furtively from the face of the observant prince to that of the patient Petersfield; "of course I have not intentionally shunned you, but you have always been too late or too idle to make the agreeable, and others have made up for your deficiencies."

St. Clair winced under the taunting, flippant tone of this speech, so different to the tender, timid accents he was accustomed to be addressed in; but by a violent effort of self-control he succeeded in concealing his feelings, and with a feeble imitation of Myra's nonchalance presented his arm, and observed:

"That I may not now give like advantage to attentive cavaliers allow me to suggest that we rejoin the party in the ball-room, and at once secure eligible places for the quadrille;" then as he led her through the drawing-room his manner changed, and he whispered sternly: "Do not try me too far, Myra. I have as yet no legal right to forbid your accepting other men's attentions, but I claim the authority of honour and affection given me in your promise to be my wife, and tell you firmly, you must repress or prohibit these particular advances on the part of young Johnson."

"You are very disagreeable, Leonard," she rejoined, with a heightened colour, "to make such a fuss about poor Peterkin's politeness, and very unkind too, when I was enjoying myself so much. I should never have interfered, or made you uncom-

fortable, if you had danced twenty times with the same girl."

Tears stood in her blue eyes as she raised them to her lover's face, and their "mute eloquence" pleaded her excuse so forcibly, that, but for time and place, Leonard would assuredly have kissed them away, and asked, and given forgiveness; but as it was, he evinced his conciliated feelings by a tender pressure of the hand, and a look of love and restored confidence, as they joined the dancers, who had waited for their appearance to make up the set. St. Clair little guessed the real feelings which sent such sparkling to the eyes, and such brilliant colour to the cheek of his fiancée.

In full faith of her love and constancy he attributed her accession of vivacity and beauty to the little scene they had just enacted together, a small edition of the "irac amontis," &c., which is considered so desirable between lovers, and his own spirits rose in proportion.

How would he have felt had he known the truth?

Myra's heart was beating with triumph, and her cheek flushing with pride. Her ruse had succeeded. By her flirtation with Petersfield Johnson she had effectually "roused up" and "teased" her hitherto too contented lover.

That was the primary object of her visit to-day, but her vanity had been gratified in another way. This grand, elegant, illustrious personage, the Prince De la Melonia, had not only shown his admiration of her by looks, but she had heard Amelia Johnson ask his opinion of her beauty, and caught his emphatic answer: "Bella, bellissima;" and remembering her friend's opening speech: "He is very difficult to please, so do not be vexed if he does not admire you," what wonder that she felt elated at such a decided contradiction to the friendly warning; and had she been satisfied with the paltry gratification thus obtained, she might have avoided much misery to herself and others. But alas! the heartless spirit of coquetry once aroused, cries, like the horse-leech, "Give, give," and remains unsatisfied until truth and principle are too often sacrificed to its shrine.

St. Clair, in happy ignorance of Myra's past and present designs on his forbearance and equanimity, proposed they should return to the drawing-room when the quadrille concluded, and rest awhile, fondly believing that she would enjoy his company and conversation more than the excitement, and, now, heated atmosphere of the impromptu ball-room; and, contradictory as it may seem, such were really her feelings, although at the same time she looked round for her late constant attendant, and secretly hoped the prince would crown her triumph over her friend Amelia by soliciting her hand for a waltz. Thus her eyes and her attention were alike wandering as Leonard seated her and himself on a couch, and made some lover-like speech, which at another time would have caused a happy thrill of consciousness to pervade her frame.

(To be Continued.)

CLEANSING AND DISINFECTING.

THREE seems much reason to fear, says the "Lancet," that too little attention has been bestowed on the important question, "What becomes of germs of disease after a cleansing process?" If water holding the poison in suspension is thrown into ordinary drains, it will become the agent for distributing disease. This is a very grave consideration. Disinfecting, properly so called, is not a precaution commonly carried out. It is generally deemed sufficient to purify the particular articles supposed to be foul, without regard to what the destination of the germs removed may be. It is even doubtful whether this practical point receives a due share of thought in public institutions.

Certainly there is room for improvement in the domestic and laundry methods of "purification." The only effectual measure for arresting the spread of infection is one which destroys the vitality of the germ where it is found. We shall never be safe until a process of this nature forms part of the usual proceeding for cleansing articles of clothing and bedding in use in private families and at hospitals. To strike at the root of the danger, the means needful for the extinction of vitality in morbid organisms must be invariably employed.

The number of churches in London and within a radius of twelve miles which will be affected by the judgment, as far as regards the use of the eucharistic vestments, is thirty-five.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

AQUARIUM THEATRE.

THE revival of Fletcher and Farquhar's "Inconstant" is an enterprise interesting to all who have watched and have read the history and progress of the British stage. It forms a curious connecting link between the comedy of the third period of the last century, the melodrama of a later day, and the higher comedy of what we, rather too arrogantly, assume to be the refined drama of the present. "The Inconstant" was first played at Drury Lane, in 1702, and held its ground as a popular comedy for the whole of the last century, and into the first quarter of the present. Wilks, Pope, Elliston, and Charles Kemble are identified with Young Mirabel; Quick, Bartley, Downton, and William Farren played Old Mirabel; while Mrs. Abington and Mrs. Chatterley's talents in Bizarre are matters of stage tradition. The editorial and critical powers of Mr. Frank Marshall have been enlisted in the matter of the text, and the archaic learning and vast experience of Mr. Planché have been drawn upon for the dresses, appointments, and mise-en-scène, which we need not say are perfection.

On the present occasion we may note for special admiration the George Mirabel of Mr. Charles Warner, who has evidently thrown his soul into the part, vivacious, forcible, free, and impulsive, he may safely defy the traditions of the laudatory tempore acti. Miss Brennan and Miss H. Meyrick, too, are called upon for no common tact, ingenuity, skill, and histrionic power in their trying parts, and we must say they came through the ordeal triumphantly as Oriana and Bizarre. Messrs. W. H. Stephens and F. H. Macklin gave readings of their several parts up to the fair standard of stage art, as we have it at present, which we must be excused for considering not quite on the same platform as at some past periods. As a whole the playgoing public as well as the critics have to thank the Aquarium management for the privilege of forming a judgment of "The Inconstant."

GAIETY THEATRE.

MR. HOLLINGSHEAD's series of French plays is progressing satisfactorily. As yet L'Ami Fritz, of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, supported by M. Febvre, holds its place in the bills, and will do so until the other promised novelties are ready to succeed this popular exotic drama. M. Lebert gives a capital and lifelike representation of the Rabbi Sichel, and Mdlle. Alice Lady is charmingly ingenious in Suzel. M. Richez, Lozere, Gontran and Lacroix are also satisfactory.

Mr. Hollingshead's prospective announcements include Madame Theresa, in *Les Chansons de Suon* and other short pieces; Madame Cnaumont in some of her best characters; and the Vaudeville company in several plays. In the meantime we venture to recommend all admirers of genuine and finished acting to take the opportunity offered of seeing L'Ami Fritz, which, with all its faults, has not the faintest tinge of that impurity which too often disfigures French plays.

Previous to his departure for America, Mr. Creswick took a benefit at a morning performance at the Gaiety, and received a warm welcome from a large and eminently appreciative audience. It is but fitting that such a tribute should be paid to a conscientious and an able artist, and the public responded warmly to the appeal that had been made. Mr. Creswick himself played Macbeth in his usual earnest and effective style, and was admirably supported by Mrs. Arthur Stirling as Lady Macbeth. Mr. A. Stirling, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. J. H. Barnes, Mr. H. Sinclair, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. T. Mead, Miss Celli, and Miss Constance Loseby also took part in the performance. At the close, Mr. Creswick, warmly summoned, came forward, and speaking with much emotion, expressed his gratitude to his friends and the public.

GRECIAN THEATRE.

MESSRS. GEORGE CONQUEST and Pettit have made a hit with a new melodrama, bearing the quaint title of "During Her Majesty's Pleasure." The main incidents are based upon the villainy of one John Beresford, who, while staying at an inn in Quebec, hears of the host, named Hudson, coming into possession of immense wealth. Beresford conceals a scheme for murdering the landlord, which he carries into effect. Years roll on, and we then discover the

supposed murdered innkeeper wandering as a street musician. He has been placed in a madhouse, where he underwent all sorts of privations. Ultimately, being released, he comes to London, where he confronts his would-be assassin. After many hair-breadth escapes, including a robbery, a wrongful accusation of theft, attempted murder, a wrestle on a bridge, and a header representing a scene from "Colleen Bawn," all in the end is made happy by the would-be murderer shooting himself with a pistol, and the rightful heir being restored to his property. Mr. George Conquest gave another of those clever impersonations for which this gentleman is celebrated. The scene describing the madhouse was touchingly rendered. Mr. Sennett, as Beresford, played the gentlemanly villain to perfection. Mr. James, as De Vere, and Mr. Nicholls, as Toby Daggs, gave good renderings of two ne'er-do-well fellows. Mr. Geo. Conquest, jun., was most absurdly made up as a policeman. Miss Victor was a lively Mary Mousedown. Miss Miller played very tenderly the part of Clara Beresford, and Miss Denvil, Nicolo. Mr. Syme performed the part of Faank in a gentlemanly manner. The entertainment was brought to a close with the drama, entitled "British Born."

SURREY THEATRE.

THE Surrey Theatre, under Mr. Holland, has entered upon a new line of enterprise which we hope may prove the opening of a new career to a theatre of sterling merit too long the by-word of aesthetic critics who connect the idea of "transportine drama" with all that is sensational, violent, and vulgar. Messrs. Savill Clarke and Du Terraux' comedy-drama, "Love Wins," cannot be classed among these. Its ingenuity, situations, dialogue, and construction are far apart from these. Yet the piece is not without its surprises and events.

The story is simple and charmingly told, and the plot is worked out with much ingenuity. The central figure is Netta, who was in early life the favourite equestrienne of a travelling circus, and the daughter of a disreputable, tipsy, so-called Professor Lobelia. Her beauty attracts an old, wealthy gentleman, who, having been moulded and trained by his first wife, resolves to train and mould a second for himself. Having made many pecuniary arrangements with the father, Mr. Reginald Dalton places Netta at a fashionable and select boarding-school, where she has the best masters and is trained as a lady, with the intention of marrying her when her education is complete. Unfortunately, however, his son, Arthur Dalton, and Netta meet, fall desperately in love with each other, and when the old gentleman comes to offer his hand and fortune to the young lady he has brought up so tenderly and so well, she has nothing but gratitude to offer him. Rather than marry, she selects to return to the miserable home of her father. Professor Lobelia is by no means pleased with this determination, inasmuch as it deprives him of the allowance received from the squire.

The second act shows Netta labouring hard in a squalid lodging to obtain bread as a sempstress, subject to continual reproaches and ill-usage from her father, who blames her as the cause of all their poverty; but she is resolute in her determination not to yield. Arthur Dalton, who has been cast off by his father, turns artist in order to rescue Netta from the poverty she has chosen for his sake, and in his new profession receives a great stimulus to exertion by an offer from an unknown patron to purchase a picture from his easel which has been exhibited at the Royal Academy. The Professor meantime is threatening to compel his daughter to return to equestrianism. There is a contest between the brush and the whip. The brush wins. The picture is exhibited in the Royal Academy, and the unknown patron turns out to be the artist's father, who reports of having driven his son from his home. All parties meet before the picture, which is that of Netta, in her character of a Sylph at the circus. He feels that in listening to selfish passion he has made a great mistake, and has made home lonely for his old age, and by joining Arthur and Netta's hands solves all difficulties.

Miss Annie Bentley made a very charming Netta. Miss A. Traversa was a lively and effective representative of Dolly Hurst, and Mr. A. C. Lilly and Mr. H. C. Sidney gave an effective and intelligent rendering of Arthur Dalton and Tom Leverton. Mr. Strickland played Reginald Dalton, but the performance which elicited the greatest applause was that of Mr. Harry Taylor as Professor Lobelia. The other actors were also complimented, and Mr. Savill Clarke had also to appear in answer to a general call. The piece is very well put on the stage, and was in all respects successful. The "Old Toll House" concluded the entertainments.



[A TROUBLESOME REPTILE.]

THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ARRAIGNMENT.

ON entering the thronged room a group to the left of the door forced itself upon Lord Montessor's notice. It consisted of Victoire L'Orient, the little old Frenchwoman and the Abbé. The woman recognised Estelle, and pressed forward, exclaiming vindictively:

"Ah, good! So that you, madame—verily! Your most obedient, madame," etc. etc. Until, at length, without looking at her, Lord Montessor just put out his arm and brushed the troublesome reptile from his lady's path, and led her on to the same secluded seat she had daily occupied since her attendance at court. They had not been seated more than five minutes before they were joined by Lord Dazzleright, who came hurriedly to announce that there would be no more delay than was necessary to arrange preliminaries, and that his client would be almost immediately placed at the bar. And then he hastened away again to attend to some business connected with the approaching trial.

Estelle closed her eyes and sank back in her chair. It had come, then, it had surely come. At the same bar at which within a fortnight past she had seen so many stand to answer to the charge of guilt, and from which she had seen so many sent to exile, to imprisonment, or to death, she also must stand to answer to the charge of crime, for which, should she be convicted, she also, even she the delicate, sensitive, refined child of wealth, luxury and high rank, would be sentenced—here again the haunting vision of the convict transport-packet, and the penal colony, with their brutalised or demonised crew, and all their loathsome and revolting horrors, swam darkly in upon her brain.

"Oh, Heaven! have mercy and let me die," escaped in stifled tones from her ashy lips.

"Estelle! my Estelle! be calm. be strong, be hopeful! See they are about to call you. Call thou on Him who once stood, as you are now about to stand, before man's uncertain tribunal, to be

judged by man's often erring wisdom. Call thou on Him!" said Lord Montessor earnestly as he arose, took her hand, drew her arm within his own, and attended by Mr. Oldfield, and followed by the eyes of all the people that thronged to suffocation the court room, led her up to the bar, set a chair, seated her there, and placed himself beside her. The aged minister stood on the other side; he stooped and whispered:

"When you rise, my child, do not wait for the order of the court, but unveil at once; the innocent need not conceal her brow of truth."

The indictment was then read, and the accused was ordered to rise and hold up her hand.

Estelle arose, and Lord Montessor reverentially drew aside her veil, revealing her pale, despairing, but most beautiful face. The crowd was behind her. Thus fortunately she had only to confront the bench. The judge bent forward and looked with interest into the grief-stricken, but lovely countenance thus unveiled before him. Under his scrutiny, her eyes sank to the floor, and the colour rose, crimsoning her cheek even to her temples, and then receding left her paler than before. All this passed in an instant. And then—

"Prisoner, you have heard the indictment against you read. Are you guilty or not guilty of the crime laid to your charge?" asked the judge.

"Not guilty in intention, my lord," answered the low, thrilling voice of the accused.

"You may resume your seat."

Lord Montessor, with a deferential tenderness that never failed or faltered, handed her back to her chair, and took his stand on her right hand as before.

And so perfect was the silence among the eager, attentive crowd, that not only the questions of the judge, but every syllable of her low-toned reply was distinctly heard in every part of the court-room.

The multitude had now pressed as near as was permitted to the bench, and many on either side were in a line of vision with the accused. And among them were many of her old associates, now gazing at her in pitiless curiosity.

Fain would she have intervened the friendly black lace veil again between her face and the eyes of the assembly, though in respect to her friends' opinions she abstained from the self-indulgence; but oh! those eyes! those cruel eyes! she felt them like a forest of levelled bayonets, pointed toward her—impaling her.

The counsel for the crown arose, and amid the profound silence of the court, opened the prosecution. I cannot in my limited space give a just idea of the logic, eloquence and power of this preliminary speech.

It became his painful duty, he said, to prosecute one of the most extraordinary cases that the annals of English crime had ever recorded before an English tribunal. The prisoner at the bar was known—either personally, or by fame, to most persons there present. She had been a lady by birth, wealth and education, holding position among the highest in the realm; a lady distinguished for rank and fortune, celebrated for her exceeding beauty and accomplished genius; such she had been.

Now, alas! she was no less distinguished for her discovered depravity, daring and duplicity! They knew that she had been successful in fashionable, aristocratic, and even in royal circles; he would now show that she had, until recently, been equally successful in her course of concealed guilt.

He would give a synopsis of her career, stating facts that she should prove by competent witnesses present in this court. He should commence with her school life, showing the gentlemen of the jury the precocious depravity with which at the early age of fourteen she had deceived her fond, indulgent parents, deluded her excellent teacher, and ensnared a young gentleman into a secret marriage, soon as lightly broken as it had been made; the wantonness with which she had abandoned her youthful bridegroom, driving him to despair and desperation, that soon ended in the wreck of his fortune and character; the duplicity with which through ten long years she had concealed the fact of her first marriage from her parents and friends; and the wickedness with which she had, just one month since, entrapped the heart and hand of a noble lord there present, and who was the second victim of this modern Messalina!

At this degrading peroration, the blood rushed to Lord Montessor's brow—he started forward with a flashing eye and a raised hand—but, then recollecting himself and his surroundings, he made a powerful effort, controlled himself, and with the air of a man who bides his time, retreated to his stand.

Estelle, a novice to the forms and usages of courts of law, heard all the enormous charges, the atrocious wickedness officially imputed to her by the prosecutor, and sat, with pallid features and fixed stare, like a woman appalled to marble.

Lord Dazzleright stooped and spoke to her.

"You should know, Lady Montessor, that this is merely an official tirade, a professional affair—it means nothing, makes no impression." The judge don't believe him, the jury don't believe him, he don't believe himself. He is only repeating the prosecutor's usual raw-head formula of—

'Fe, faw, fum—I smell the blood of an Englishman.'

No more than just that."

But Estelle did not understand nor hear, nor ever once withdrew her stony gaze, that seemed caught up and spell-bound to the face of her terrible accuser. At length, however, the dreadful voice ceased to declaim, and gave the counsel for the defence an opportunity of answering. But as Lord Dazzleright declined replying for the present, reserving his defence, the prosecutor proceeded to call the witnesses for the crown.

It would be tedious to recapitulate the testimony, which the reader has already heard given at the investigation before the magistrate. The same witnesses—namely, Madame Gabrielle L'Orient and the Abbé Pierre Le Roux, were successively called, and testified to the same fact, to wit, that of the marriage that had been performed between Victoire L'Orient and Estelle Morelle at the church of St. Etienne, Paris, on the thirteenth day of November, eighteen hundred and —.

They also identified the prisoner at the bar and Victoire L'Orient as the contracting parties in that ceremony. These witnesses were in turn subjected to a severe cross-examination by Lord Dazzleright, but without effect. The duplicity and cunning of the little old Frenchwoman was at least a match for the legal acumen of the best lawyer in the three kingdoms.

A host of witnesses were present, ready to testify to the well-known fact of the so-called "felonious" marriage rites that had been celebrated on the first day of May last at the parish church of Hyde, in the county of Devon, between Estelle, wife of Victoire L'Orient, and George Charles, Lord Viscount Montessor.

But a few of these were needed to establish this point. And here the prosecuting attorney rested his case.

Lord Dazzleright rose for the defence. All eyes were turned upon him—he was a man of distinguished presence, as well as of brilliant genius. Amid the deepest silence and the profoundest attention, he commenced his speech.

"My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury—The charge made against my client by the learned counsel for the crown—imposing as it seems, and sustained as it is by competent witnesses—is really so unsubstantial, as to be easily overthrown, by reference to a single fact, as it is no doubt already invalidated in the estimation of your lordship, of the jury, and of all within the sound of my voice, by the simple recollection of that fact, to wit: that the statute laws of France as well as those of England, regard a minor of fourteen years of age as an infant in the law, and incapable of contracting marriage without the knowledge and consent of his or her parents or guardians. Therefore, the quasi marriage ceremony celebrated between the man Victoire L'Orient and the infant Estelle Morelle, in the Catholic chapel of St. Etienne, Paris, on the thirteenth day of November, eighteen hundred and — was, and is, completely invalid and of no effect, and could therefore form no obstacle to the nuptials solemnised between Estelle Morelle and Lord Viscount Montessor, at the parish church of Hyde, on the first of May ultimo. This fact is so well understood by all here present, that I need not dwell upon the point any longer than to remind your lordship and the jury that this is, of itself, all-sufficient for the legal acquittal of my client.

"But, my lord and gentlemen, I wish to be understood as standing here, not only in the character of an advocate of a client—whom I consider as having been prosecuted and indicted upon untenable grounds, and whom I feel assured stands already fully acquitted before you, but also as the champion of a deeply-injured and most unhappy, though most estimable lady, whose high moral and intellectual excellencies can only be equalled in degree by her cruel wrongs and great sufferings—a lady whose hand and fortune, while yet she was an infant, became the objects of a foul conspiracy, and whose fair name is now the target of the sharpest arrows of calumny. My lord and gentlemen, the proved invalidity of that first quasi marriage suffices to clear my client before the court. It is, therefore, to acquit her before the tribunal of public opinion that I stand here and proceed to make a statement of facts, every one of which I pledge myself to establish by witnesses of unquestionable probity."

Here the learned counsel commenced and gave in detail the sorrowful history of Estelle's school life as it is already known to the reader. His earnestness, his eloquence, and graphic delineation of the wrongs and sufferings of the beautiful woman who sat there waiting her doom, in death-like stillness, in turn flushed every cheek with indignation, or filled every eye with tears. In the course of his speech he said—in answer to the false and totally unfounded assumptions of the prosecuting attorney, and to silence for ever those who from any cause might be disposed to cavil—he should state and prove, that, illegal as was that quasi-marriage, it had been entered upon in perfectly good faith by his client. She supposed it valid and binding. Infant as she was, she believed herself a wife. And most wretched as that marriage proved, and deeply repented as it was, she had remained, in every respect, scrupulously faithful to its supposed obligations.

Yes, faithful, not only for the ten months that she lived and suffered under the cruel despotism of her co-disent husband, but after that, when the penal laws of France had sent him a convict to Algiers, for the ten years of separation and the two years of supposed widowhood.

She had borne her burden alone, until in due course of time her betrothal to a certain noble peer, here present, made it right and proper that she should confide to him the fact of the previous union, then supposed to be broken by death.

I have thus given but a skeleton of Lord Dazzleright's address, would I could infuse into it the fullness, force, and vitality of the original.

He finished amid a breathless silence, and proceeded to call his witnesses. They were not many, but had been selected with the greatest care.

The advocates had been very busy during the interval of the past month, and had spared neither time, labour, nor expense, in collecting and consolidating testimony.

He had drawn from his client's native county witnesses of the very highest standing, to give testimony upon the exemplary piety of her life and manners, and he had despatched a confidential agent to the Chief of Police at Paris, to procure his assistance in hunting up the employees who had been in the service of Madame L'Orient at the time of the disgraceful breaking up of her "Pensionat," and in selecting such as were most competent to give evidence in this case.

These were now in court, and were successively called to the stand. Their united testimony harmonised perfectly, and corroborated the statements of the advocate.

They were in turn severely cross-examined by the prosecuting counsel; but the more their testimony was tried the stronger it was proved. The advocate here rested the defence.

The judge then arose to review the case, sum up the evidence, and charge the jury.

His lordship's exposition of the law and the testimony, in his instructions, might be considered a virtual acquittal of the prisoner. It was like the usual charges of Sir James Allan Park—short, clear, and pointed.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, you have heard the charge upon which the prisoner at the bar stands arraigned, and which has been clearly set forth by the counsel for the crown, and well sustained by the witnesses he has produced. You have also heard now that charge has been met and answered by the counsel for the prisoner. The fact of two marriages having taken place under the circumstances set forth is fully established by testimony. The learned advocate for the accused rests his defence upon the alleged invalidity of the first marriage. Now, upon the validity or invalidity of that marriage, this court has no authority to pronounce judgment, the adjudication of such matters belongs, exclusively, to the Spiritual Court of Arches. If the first marriage was invalid, it would form no obstacle to the second marriage, which in such case would not be illegal. And if, on the other hand, the first marriage was perfectly valid, the second marriage would be illegal; but not necessarily felonious. Intention is the soul of crime. From the evidence before you, if you find that the prisoner at the bar, upon the occasion of solemnising marriage with Lord Montessor, knew, or had good and sufficient cause to believe that she had already a husband living, it will be your duty to convict her. If, on the other hand, you find that she knew, or had good and sufficient reason to believe herself legally free to contract the said marriage, it becomes your duty to acquit her. To this single point is drawn the question. You are to judge upon it, and render your verdict accordingly."

The judge ceased and resumed his seat.

The jury retired under the conduct of the sheriff's officer to another room to deliberate.

Then the spell of breathless silence that had bound the spectators was dissolved. They breathed and spoke—a buzz of voices filled the room.

As for Estelle, she changed not from the frozen, stony look into which she had been at first appalled by the official abuse of the crown's counsel.

Lord Montessor stopped and whispered to her:

"My own Estelle, courage! courage for a few moments longer, and then all will be over; all will be well. You are already more than acquitted, you are justified, you are vindicated."

"Oh, I know, I know all," replied a sepulchral voice, that Lord Montessor scarcely recognised as belonging to his silver-tongued Estelle.

In a moment, silence fell again like death upon the court-room. It was produced by the opening of a door, and the appearance of the bailiff, ushering in the jury. They advanced to their places. The foreman stood before the judge.

Not a breath was drawn, scarcely a pulse beat in that crowded court-room for the space of a minute, during which the judge inquired:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

"We have, my lord," answered the foreman.

"What say you, then, is the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty, my lord."

"Lady Montessor is discharged from custody," said the judge.

A low deep murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd. The old minister seized the hand of his protégée, and burst into tears of joy.

Lord Montessor grasped that of Lord Dazzleright in warm acknowledgment of his services, and congratulation of his success, and then instantly turned to his bride.

His attention was too late—she had fainted on the arm of the old clergyman—she who had firmly borne up under the horrors of the past month, had now succumbed and sunk, and lay like a statue fallen from its pedestal.

"Lady Montessor is discharged from custody," repeated the clerk of the court, somewhat impatiently.

She looked indeed as though she were discharged not only from the court, but from the earth—so still, so white, so lifeless.

"Raise her in your arms, Montessor: take her into the sheriff's room. I will show you the way," said Lord Dazzleright, bending anxiously over her fainting form.

At this moment, also, Susan Copswood, her maid, who had been somewhere among the spectators, succeeded in pushing her way through the crowd and reaching the side of her mistress.

Lord Montessor raised Estelle with care, and preceded by Lord Dazzleright, bore her from the court-room into the sheriff's office, where he laid her on the sofa, dropped upon one knee by her side, and began to rub and chafe her hands, and invoke her by every fond epithet and hopeful word to awake—arise!

Such restoratives as could be first procured were brought and applied, and with such good effect that, after a little while, a shudder passed through her frame, her breast heaved, her face quivered—she sighed, and opened her eyes. Her glance met the anxious, earnest gaze of Lord Montessor bent upon her. She sighed again and dropped her eyelids.

"Stella! my Stella! my bride! my wife! rouse yourself, dearest! You are acquitted, you are justified," said Lord Montessor, anxiously seeking to restore her. "You are vindicated—you are free."

"Free! free! oh Heaven!" she cried, so despairingly, so incoherently, with a countenance so blanched and convulsed with anguish, that her friends drew near and gazed upon her in as much astonishment as alarm.

"Compose yourself, sweet Stella," murmured Lord Montessor, sitting down beside her, and gently smoothing away the beautiful, dishevelled black ringlets from her cold and clammy forehead. "Sweet love, be calm."

"I will, I am," she said, trying to control the motions of her quivering and ashen lips. Then gently putting aside his caressing hand, and rising upon her elbow, she inquired:

"But tell me, you, why was I acquitted, while all the other prisoners, who had been arraigned before me, were convicted? Did my father's, my friends', and my—Lord Montessor's rank and wealth and power, thrown into the scales of justice, tilt the balance in my favour? Had I only this advantage over other wretches?" she asked, fixing her dark eyes, querulous with suffering, upon the distressed face of the old clergyman.

"No, no, my child! This was not so. This would not have been so, of course. English law is no respecter of persons, and English courts are as incorruptible by wealth as they are undismayed by power. You owe your acquittal solely to your guiltlessness."

"What!" she cried, fixing her wild, dilated eyes upon the old man's face, "was it not true, then?"

"Was not what true, my child?"

"That which the prosecuting counsel said of me?"

"Assuredly not! The prosecuting counsel himself did not believe the words that he spoke—his speech was a mere official form. Compose yourself, my child."

"Oh, I will do so. I am composed; but hush!" she said, sinking her voice to a whisper: "did they make me out to be my lord's wife?"

"Assuredly, my child, and you are in strict law the wife of Lord Montessor; though the Judge of the Assizes, well as he knew that fact, had no authority to pronounce upon it."

"Oh Heaven!" she cried, wringing her hands.

"Be calm, my child; do not let that omission distress you, for though the judge had no authority to give judgment upon an affair that belonged exclusively to the ecclesiastic courts, yet neither was his judgment needed. We all know now, as we knew before, that you are really and truly the wife of Lord Montessor. Have we not, ever since your marriage, addressed you only by his name?"

"Lord! my Lord!" she cried, still twisting and wringing her white fingers.

"Why, Estelle, my child, what ails you? Have you borne up through all the trial to sink at last in the hour of your triumph?"

"Triumph, was it? Oh! Lord in Heaven! Lord of pity!"

"Estelle! Estelle!"

"You said that I was truly the wife of Lord Montessor?"

"Undoubtedly, my child!"

"Then it was the wife of Lord Montessor who was this day tried for—Saints in Heaven! I cannot name the charge!" She groaned, with the sweat of agony bursting from her icy brow.

"Estelle," said Lord Montessor, now seating himself by her side and taking her hand—"you are ill—nervous. This is nothing new, nothing that we have not known for a month past, why then should it distress you?"

"Ah, my lord! but it is! for I did not mind what they out of pity called me! I called my lost self Estelle L'Orient! I thought it was Estelle L'Orient who was to be tried upon that degrading charge! And had it been Estelle L'Orient it had not signified! But that the wife of the Viscount Montessor should suffer this degradation—oh! angels in Heaven! it is terrible—it is terrible!"

"Estelle, you rave! pray try, for our sakes, to control yourself, love!"

But they spoke falsely—falsely! It was Estelle L'Orient who was tried for—what I cannot speak! It was Estelle L'Orient and no other! Your honourable name, my lord, was never dragged down through such mire!—it remains clear of blame. None bearing it ever came to shame.

"Assuredly not! and none have borne it more blamelessly than my beloved Stella. But, dear one, you talk so wildly that you had best not speak at all. Come, drink this, and then lie down and be quiet for a few minutes," he said, placing to her lips a glass of ice-water that had just been brought in by her maid.

She quaffed it, but instead of lying down, she straightened her figure up, put up her hands and pushed the overshadowing black ringlets from her brow, and said:

"Yes, I will—I must control myself. There! I am calmer now, am I not, my friends?"

"Yes—the water has done you good. You are better, but you must rest a little while."

"No, let us leave this place; I shall recover sooner without its walls."

"As you please, then, love. Let your maid rearrange your dress. Our travelling-carriage waits, and the afternoon wanes; yet before the moon rises over the hills of Dorset, I would welcome you to your new home—Montessor Castle," said his lordship, affectionately buying himself in tying her little bonnet, and tucking in her stray ringlets.

"Ah! would you? Would you take Estelle to your ancestral home, where never a dishonoured woman trod before?"

"Estelle! you almost anger me, love! do not talk so insanely!" said his lordship.

But she had dropped her hands idly upon her lap, and with her gaze fastened abstractedly upon them had fallen into a deep reverie that lasted several minutes, and might have lasted indefinitely longer, had not Lord Montessor gently recalled her attention to the necessity of departure.

She started like one aroused from sleep, passed her hand once or twice across her brow, and then answered in a voice strange and unnatural from its level monotone:

"Lord Montessor, will you please to excuse me for to-night? I am not equal to the journey you propose."

"My dearest, the distance is but nine miles over the loveliest of roads, and in the easiest of carriages," replied his lordship, encouragingly.

"No doubt, no doubt; yet I cannot take the road to-day."

"Very well! As you please, dearest! I will then convey you to the 'Royal Adelaide,' the best and quietest little hotel in Exeter, where we can remain until you are thoroughly rested and restored. Will that plan suit my Stella?"

"You exhibit an angel's goodness to me, my lord, and I must tax it still further. Listen! and pray do not misconceive me! I am not ungrateful, but—the scenes of the last month have so severely tried me—that even now, when I am acquitted, I cannot pass from the contemplation of the horrors that filled my mind and threatened my future, at once to the enjoyment of the security of your protection, and the blessedness of your love. I need a short interval of solitude, isolation, self-communion and prayer, before I dare enter the Eden you open to me. Suffer me, therefore, my dearest lord, to return, as heretofore, under the charge of our reverend friend to my apartment at the 'Crown and Sceptre.'"

"And then?"

"We shall meet again."

"To-morrow?"

"You may come and inquire for me to-morrow at noon."

"Estelle, do you really feel this interval to be necessary to your convenience?"

"It is vitally necessary to my peace and sanity, I think, my lord."

"Be it so, then. I cannot object, nor will I reproach you, my Stella, cruel as I feel this delay to be. Shall I attend you to your hotel?"

"If you will not think me ungrateful, I prefer that you should take leave of me, as heretofore, at my carriage door."

"Well! I will obey my lady's behests, however unacceptable they may be, and that without cavilling," said his lordship. "But I may come to-morrow, you said?"

"Come to-morrow, my lord."

Estelle expressed herself now ready to depart. Mr. Oldfield arose and gave her his arm. Lord Montessor walked by her side, and attended her into the street and to the carriage.

"Farewell, until we meet, dear Stella," he said, as he placed her in the carriage.

"Ay! until we meet! Farewell, my lord," she answered solemnly—how solemnly he afterwards remembered—lifting her eyes to his countenance with a momentary, deep, earnest, thrilling gaze, as though she would make and receive an impression that should last through life.

Lord Montessor lifted her hand to his lips, bowed, and retired to give place to Mr. Oldfield, who entered the carriage, took the seat beside Estelle, and gave orders to the coachman to drive on.

The streets were still thronged with people, waiting for that carriage to pass, in hope of getting a sight of one whose name, for praise or blame, was now on every tongue.

"An honourable acquittal is assuredly the next worst thing to a conviction," thought Mr. Oldfield, as he nervously let down the inner curtains to screen his companion from the vulgar gaze.

They finally reached their inn, the neighbourhood of which was peopled by an expectant crowd, waiting to see their arrival.

Mr. Oldfield wrapped her veil closely around the head of his charge, handed her out of the carriage, and led her quickly into the house, and up to their private parlour. As soon as they had reached this apartment, Estelle turned to her venerable friend, and said in a low voice:

"Mr. Oldfield, send the servants away; I wish to have a private conversation with you immediately."

The good clergyman complied. When they were alone, she threw back her veil, and said in an earnest, solemn voice:

"Mr. Oldfield, you are a Christian minister, help me to do my duty."

"Your duty, Lady Montessor?" repeated the clergyman, in a perplexed and questioning tone.

"Ay, my duty, my difficult—my dreadful duty."

"I confess I do not understand you, Lady Montessor."

"I will explain. I must withdraw myself at once and for ever from Lord Montessor's neighbourhood and knowledge."

"My child, you are certainly mad."

"Would I were—but no, listen! That first marriage of mine may not have been a legal obstacle; but it is, nevertheless, an insurmountable moral obstacle to my union with any other man. And oh, amid all the gloom and terror, and desolation of my life, I do rejoice and thank Heaven for one signal blessing, that I was arrested immediately on leaving the church, so that I lived not one moment as a wife with Lord Montessor, and not one moment must I so live with him. I must fly while there is yet time."

"My child, my dear Estelle, you distress me beyond measure by this rash resolution."

"It is not a sudden determination. Ah, no. A month ago, as soon as I recovered from the shock of my arrest, and collected my scattered faculties together, I thought of it, pondered over it, prayed over it, and decided upon it—long before the court had rendered judgment upon it. Had I been convicted, that conviction would have virtually released Lord Montessor. But I am acquitted, and I must by my own act release him. I ask you as a Christian minister to assist me in this duty."

"But, I am very much perplexed. You are certainly in law the wife of Lord Montessor."

"But not in right."

"How do you propose to release him?"

"By leaving the country; he will then in time forget me."

"He never can."

"He must and will."

"And then—?"

"An Act of Parliament will release him from the bond of a merely nominal marriage."

The aged pastor did not reply, but sank into painful thought, broken by occasional groans.

At length, Estelle resumed:

"You have heard my plan—will you assist me in it?"

"No, Lady Montessor, I dare not."

"Why not?"

"Because I doubt it would be wrong to do so. It would be treachery on my part towards Lord Montessor, whose legal wife you are."

"Oh, would to Heaven I were indeed his rightful wife. Oh, would to Heaven I were. But that I am not so—that I cannot be so, while Victoire L'Orient lives, you, a Christian minister, should know full well," cried Estelle, passionately.

"Lady Montessor, I consider your conscience morbid upon this subject. Monsieur Victoire L'Orient has not the shadow of a claim to your hand. You never were his wife," said the minister, solemnly.

Estelle grew paler than ever she had been before, and fixing her eyes steadily upon the face of her venerable friend, she slowly inquired:

"And if, as you say, I never was the wife of Victoire L'Orient, what then was I to him?"

The good old pastor winced and fidgetted, but at last replied:

"His innocent victim!"

"His innocent victim! And think you, then, that this 'victim' of Monsieur Victoire L'Orient is a fit and proper consort for the Right Honourable the Viscount Montessor?"

"Madame, his lordship thinks so."

Slowly and sadly Estelle shook her head.

"No, Mr. Oldfield, he is a moral hero, and he loves the poor woman before you. He would risk name, rank, and social influence—everything, save true honour, to rescue her from the slough of despond into which she has fallen. He would be the Curtius to throw himself into the yawning abyss opened in my life."

(To be Continued.)

SCIENCE.

POINTED LIGHTNING RODS.

THE important question as to the proper form of lightning rods occupied the minds of many savants some 75 years ago, and filled part of the scientific journals of that period. It has lately been renewed, and, as formerly, there are defenders and antagonists of the pointed rods. It is argued by the latter that the object of a lightning rod is not to attract the thunderclouds to the building to be protected, and induce discharges there; and it is claimed that long, upward projecting lightning rods do this very thing, and that, although they are a protection in one sense, giving a ready path to the discharges, they become a source of danger by attracting the electrically charged clouds, and making discharges more frequent. Let us test this reasoning by the well known laws of electricity.

The amount of electric attraction depends on the

extent of the attracting surfaces, and on their distance. If a series of clouds, say of a square mile in extent, floats over the earth's surface, these clouds being charged with positive electricity, they will induce, in that part of the earth's surface within the attractive influence, negative electricity. This charge will increase as the distance decreases, as the clouds follow the direction of the attraction; until at last, when the distance becomes small enough, an explosive discharge takes place, the stroke of lightning consisting in the simultaneous discharge of positive electricity from the cloud to the earth, and of negative electricity from the earth to the cloud. The manifestation of light and heat is the simple result of the neutralisation of the two electricities, and will be greater in proportion as their quantity and intensity were greater.

MORE BLUE GLASS SCRIPTS.—Mr. Thomas Gaffield, of Boston, who for very many years has given much attention to the action of coloured glass upon transmitted sunlight, makes the following statements, which would be damaging to the nonsensical blue glass theory of Pleasonton if that statement had any foundation to rest upon. Mr. Gaffield says: "The poorest kinds of colourless glass, and even those kinds which have been changed to a yellowish or purple tinge by exposure of years to sunlight, will transmit a much larger amount of the chemical rays than the most actinic of the really coloured glasses, the blue and violet." He adds that, in a series of photometrical experiments made by Professor Stimpson and himself in 1867, they found purple or violet glass to cut off about 90 per cent. of the light rays; and he estimates that the same glass transmits from 20 to 30 per cent. less chemical influence than any colourless glass. It has been asserted by a sceptic in patent blue glass science, that it is difficult to perceive how the blue violet rays, which were already in the sunlight before it was filtered by the glass, can be augmented in their influence by such filtration. If they are thus augmented, as is claimed, then it logically follows that the present compound of sunlight is a very inferior production, in which certain ingredients serve to diminish the value of the others, and that the Creator has blundered badly in its manufacture.

AMONG the various substitutes for oats which have been proposed at different times as food for horses parsnips are just now in high favour. One of their staunchest advocates, M. le Bian, brought with him to Paris for the winter season several horses fed exclusively on parsnips, and allows them to be viewed daily at one o'clock, at their stables in the Rue du Havre, where the same system of feeding has been pursued since their arrival from the country at the end of last year. The appearance and condition of the animals are said to speak well for the nutritive value of their present food, while its cost is far below that attending the use of oats. M. le Bian allows each horse 18 kilogrammes of parsnips per day, divided into three meals. Taking the average price of roots to the farmer as 2fr. per 100 kilogrammes, the daily ration for each animal costs 36 centimes only. On the other hand, a daily allowance of 6 kilogrammes of oats, at an average price of 24fr. per 100 kilogrammes, would cost 1fr. 44 centimes. The one method of feeding is, therefore, exactly four times as costly as the other.

RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—OR—

THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

CHAPTER LVI.

WEDNESDAY evening, the third of March, was to be the last party given by Richard Pemberton, and all the world was expected to be there. Falconer O'Donovan resolved to go and enjoy perhaps the last opportunity he should have of seeing and speaking to Maud.

So when the evening came he made a careful toilet, and set out for the mansion. The numerous carriages of all descriptions, with their horses' heads turned thitherward, the crowd of carriages lining the streets, thronging the drive, and ranged before the mansion, admonished this poor solitary foot passenger how great the press of wealthy, fashionable, or distinguished visitors would be. He entered the grounds by the side gate, and there he found plenty of company in the humble visitors that thronged the paved footway. He went on, and the nearer he approached the thicker and the more impassable became the crowd.

Slowly, and with great difficulty, he "worked his way" through halls and ante-chambers into the drawing-room, where Richard Pemberton received his friends. This room was quite as much crowded as any he had toiled through, and he wondered if it were possible he could go through without being noticed, so without waiting he worked his way through the crowd and entered the east room, the grand saloon of the mansion.

The saloon was superbly fitted up, splendidly illuminated and filled with the most brilliant and imposing company that had ever gathered there.

Here were assembled some of the most distinguished men and most beautiful women, men high in military or civic rank renowned in the field, or scholars celebrated in the arts or sciences, general officers in their gorgeous uniforms, foreign ministers and ambassadors in their sumptuous court-dresses; in a word, all the splendour, talent, and beauty of the season filled the saloon that night.

It must be confessed that our rustic boy, with his pride, genius, and sensitiveness was at first somewhat dazzled, and more than one pair of bright eyes lingered on the boy, and wondered who he was. His eyes sought their star, Maud Pemberton.

There she was, the beautiful girl seated on one of the side sofas, and, as usual, with her father and mother.

And, unobserved for a while, he watched her, and nearly suffocated with strangely mixed emotions of love, jealousy, anger, and admiration.

Maud had been beautiful as a star when clad in her plain, humble gown of dark serge, without a single ornament.

And now her peerless beauty was enhanced by all the advantages of a rich and elegant costume. She wore a robe of rose-coloured brocade, made low on the neck with short sleeves and trimmed with gossamer lace, pearl necklaces and bracelets, and a string of pearls twined in and out with the sunny braids of her hair, and looped back the long bright ringlets from her rosy cheeks; her face was averted, and her head bowed over a bouquet that she held in her hand.

She was blushing under the too admiring speech of some perfumed foreigner who was bending over her, and whom Falconer stigmatised as impudent and conceited, whom he should like to seize and send whirling from the room.

"Can you tell me who that foreign jackanapes is standing before Miss Pemberton?" he asked of Donzoni, who was passing near.

"That? Oh, is it possible you don't know? Why he is one of the foremost among the competitors for the hand of the beautiful heiress, said to be a dangerous if not successful rival of Sir Henry Percival."

"Who is he?" muttered Falconer, between his clenched teeth.

"Why, Señor Don Emilio D'O—the son of General Count D'O—. I am surprised you did not know him."

"No; I know nothing of the foreign monkeys that the ladies choose to make lions of," growled Falconer, with a bitter look directed towards Maud, who had not as yet lifted her head.

Other gentlemen had approached the beauty, and among them was a starred and ribboned foreign minister and a military officer.

They closed in and intercepted his view of the lovely girl. The very heart in his bosom was corroding with chagrin.

He had never seen Maud in full dress before, and now, insignificant as such a superficial matter really was, it seemed to the boy's vexed and morbid feelings as if the very elegance of her dress as well as the nature of her surroundings separated her further from him.

When her face was turned away she seemed quite another person from the little loving creature in the plain dark serge frock who used to sit by his humble cottage fire, and knit and sew, and who was all his own, with no one to interfere, and whom he could love, caress, chide, praise, flatter, quarrel with, and make up with at his pleasure with no one to oppose. Now she was drawn away and lifted high above him, set like a star in the heavens above him.

"No, no. This is not my gentle love; this is really the queen of beauty, and she has forgotten that she ever was anything else."

Thus he thought and spoke when Maud's face was turned away, while she received the adulation conveyed by glance and tone and sigh of the circle around her.

But presently the circle opened, and at the same moment the beautiful girl lifted up her head, her eyes fell upon Falconer, and the smile of joy that suddenly illumined her sweet, pensive countenance revealed that she was still at heart his Maud.

But then the boy's proud, jealous, surly demon instigated him to grumble to himself, and turning abruptly, he moved off to a distant part of the

saloon, where, from an oblique angle, unobserved himself, he continued to watch the maiden.

He saw the foreign minister bow and smile, and fall into a pleasant, lively chat with the mother, and then after a little while, turn and address the daughter and offer her his arm. He saw Maud smile and rise, and saw them pass off together for a promenade.

"It was not enough, he said, that her head was turned with flattery before, but now the foreign minister must do her very unusual honour."

And he stood and watched them as they joined the circle of promenaders that slowly revolved around the saloon. He watched the pair closely. They walked and talked like friends; there was a sort of fatherly fondness and familiarity, and in Maud's demeanour a filial respect and affection that seemed to dispense with ceremony, and reduce their intercourse to a primitive simplicity.

Making the circuit of the saloon two or three times, he led her back to her place, took the seat by her side, and continued the pleasant, lively chat with her there.

Falconer observed them some time longer, and then, nodding his head grimly two or three times, he said to himself:

"Now I will try her. I will put her to a test—I will put them all to a test. Come, I will go and invite Miss Pemberton to take a promenade with me. Let us see if she will not rather be 'very sorry,' and too much fatigued, and beg to be excused. Oh! ha! ha! I know how it will be!"

And so saying, the boy deliberately sauntered up towards the sofa where they sat. The foreign minister was seated between Mrs. and Miss Pemberton, Richard Pemberton on the other side of his wife.

The four were gaily conversing with their heads together, and did not perceive the approach of Falconer until he stood before them. He bowed to the group, and then turning to Maud addressed some words of the merest commonplace courtesy.

She looked up. The same flush of pleasure lighted up her face, and out flew her little white hand like a bird into his—and:

"Oh, Falconer, I am so glad to see you," she said. Spoiled child of society as he had called her, she was still far more natural, simple, genial than himself.

"I am so glad to see you, but why have you not called?"

"Circumstances beyond my control, Miss Pemberton, have deprived me of that honour. I need scarcely inquire, Miss Pemberton, your looks assure me that you have enjoyed your visit here."

"Yes, it is a pleasant place in its season—we meet interesting people from all parts of the world here."

"I am truly rejoiced to hear that you have been so well pleased, Miss Pemberton."

"And yet—and yet, sir, I might have been better pleased."

"Miss Pemberton, if you are not too weary will you do me the honour to accept my arm for the promenade?"

"I will do myself that pleasure," she said, turning with a beaming smile towards her mother, who assented with a smile.

"And will your excellency permit me to present to you my earliest friend and foster brother, Mr. Falconer O'Donovan."

"Miss Pemberton may do her utmost will with me," said the old gentleman, shaking his hand, and then welcoming Falconer with cordiality.

He drew the little hand of the maiden within his arm and joined the promenaders. The thick press of the crowd was now beginning to thin off; the saloon was only moderately full of company; and Miss Pemberton, hanging on the arm of a stranger of distinguished manly grace and beauty, was now the observed of all observers.

She was indifferent, because unconscious of the attention they attracted; but he on the contrary, with his heart bursting with suppressed emotion, and desirous above all things for a confidential interview with her—she was painfully conscious of the hundreds of eyes that saw them.

He was pale and silent—now with her arm resting trustingly on his, with her touch thrilling him through every nerve and vein to his heart's core, he could no longer affect to address her with the commonplace nonsense of a drawing-room chat.

He looked towards Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton to see how they took his promenade with their daughter, and whether they watched them.

But no, they appeared cheerful and confident or indifferent, he could not decide which.

The foreign minister and Mr. Pemberton were earnestly discussing some subject of interest, and Mrs. Pemberton was listening to them, with pleasant attention. There was evidently no jealous surveillance on their part.

But, oh, the crowd—the crowd with Argus eyes—

pressing so close upon them, too—two or three couples abreast immediately in front of them; two or three couples treading on their heels behind—a couple on the left—and no opportunity of relieving his bosom's weight by speaking one earnest heart word to his beloved that would not be heard by a dozen pair of ears, and repeated most likely by as many gossiping tongues. And this their first meeting after their stormy separation, and long, weary absence.

They made one or two turns round the room, and then another fear seized him, the company were now straying off so fast that he thought their parting hour would come before he had said what his heart was bursting to say. At last he stopped, and whispered huskily:

"Maud Pemberton, I must speak to you alone or die."

She pressed her fingers on the arm on which she rested, and without further reply raised her head and looked towards a distant corner sofa, that had been lately occupied by a party who were now leaving it to retire. Falconer followed her glance, and led her towards it: they reached it, and took the vacant seats.

"Maud," he commenced, "you said a few moments since that you might have been better pleased. Dearest Maud, will you tell me what you meant?"

"If you had called to see us frequently, as others did, and do, I should have been happier."

"As others do? And do you imagine, Maud Pemberton, that I could visit you as others do, I, your inseparable companion from infancy? Oh, Maud, how blind, deaf, insensible you must be to all I feel, to all I suffer. Visit you as others do!"

"I did not mean that, Falconer. You must know I did not mean that. I should have been much more pleased to see you than to see anyone else, my dearest brother."

"Your brother! Hum!—Yes, you introduced me to your friend as your foster-brother. Was it as your foster-brother you would have been pleased to see me?"

"Yes, dear Falconer."

"Miss Pemberton, I have heard a rumour to which I have hitherto given but little credence, but which your manner would seem to confirm."

"I do not understand you," said Maud.

"Miss Pemberton, pardon me for asking a plain question, which I, nevertheless, think I may be considered entitled to ask, and to which I may have a right to a candid answer."

"What is it, then, Mr. O'Donovan?"

Mr. O'Donovan! It was the first time she had ever so addressed him, and though he might have known that she could not do otherwise since he persevered in calling her Miss Pemberton, the name went through him like a sword. He was very pale with restrained emotion, and his voice had an unnatural low, level tone, as he inquired:

"Miss Pemberton, pardon my presumption, but are you engaged to be married?"

"Falconer, you wound and distress me."

"I am grieved to do so, nevertheless I beseech you answer my question frankly—are you engaged to be married, or not?"

"I consider myself engaged," answered the maiden, in a low voice.

"Enough—enough! Miss Pemberton! Pardon my presumption, and permit me to lead you back to your party," said the boy, in a smothered, suffocating voice.

"Falconer, my dear brother, what is the matter?" asked Maud, in alarm.

"Nothing—nothing—nothing, except that I am what many men have been before me, and men will be after me—an idiot."

"He got up and offered his arm, and she also arose with a look of perplexity and distress, took it, and suffered him to conduct her back to her parents, and then the boy bowed deeply and withdrew. He immediately left the saloon; the light of life seemed dying out within him. His cheeks were white and curdled—his lips bloodless, his very eyes stagnant in their sockets."

He was sick of existence; he could derive no consolation or relief even from his art now. He could not have touched the Laocoon, he could not have worked at the Niobe—he could do nothing, he thought, but die, if death would only come.

Maud retired from the saloon with her parents. She went immediately to her own chamber, where throwing herself upon the bed, all elegantly dressed as she was, she gave way to a passionate fit of weeping.

There came a tap at the door. She knew her mother's signal, and rose and opened it.

"Now, I have come to have a talk with you, child. Now tell me what it is between you and Falconer? Why did he look so much like death when he brought you back to us, and why have you been weeping so

much? Tell your mother," said the lady, leading the maiden to a sofa and embracing her.

Maud threw herself upon her mother's bosom and wept heartily before she answered.

When Mrs. Pemberton repeated the question, she replied:

"Oh, mother—dear mother—I do not understand it at all. All I do know is that Falconer is very, very wretched, and behaves in a manner that is as incomprehensible as it is torturing to us both."

"In what manner does he behave, my dear? What does he say? What does he do? He must be very mistaken, and very unreasonable."

"Oh, mamma, I could not explain it to you, because I do not comprehend it myself. Only I feel that we are just now both very miserable, and that I am ungrateful, dear mother, in not being perfectly happy with you and my best of fathers."

"My love, tell me all that passed between yourself and Falconer and I shall be better able to judge."

"Well, dear mother, I will. Listen," said Maud, beginning and telling the lady word for word the short but significant conversation between herself and her wild lover.

In conclusion she said:

"Now, dear mother, what can anyone make of such conduct? Just at the very moment I assured him that I considered myself bound to him, that he should have changed in such a deadly way, and left me so abruptly."

The lady sat in thought a few minutes, and then a smile came over her face, and embracing her daughter, she said:

"I see it all, my love. There is a misunderstanding between you. You were speaking at cross purposes."

"How, dearest mother?"

"Why, thus. It is clear enough to me he has heard of a silly rumour of your being engaged to Percival."

"Is there such a rumour, mamma?"

"Yes, there is such a report, my dear. I have contradicted it wherever I have heard it; yet still it prevails."

"I am very sorry. And that unhappy Falconer has heard it."

"Undoubtedly, and he was talking about your rumoured engagement to Percival while you were thinking only of your pledge to himself. That explains his wretchedness."

"But, mamma," said Maud, gravely, "it is impossible that Falconer could for an instant entertain the idea of my being so false. No—no, mamma, Falconer never—never thought so ill of me."

"My child, as long as Falconer lived with you he evidently does not understand and appreciate you. His judgment is blinded by his passions."

"And oh, mamma, could Falconer believe that I could be a traitor to my life-long love and engage myself to another?"

"It is evident that he did so, my child, and that he understood you to confess such an engagement."

"Oh, how could Falconer—how could he? Oh, mamma, let us undeceive him. Oh, mamma, tell me how I can undeceive him at once," said Maud, clasping her hands.

The lady drew her to her bosom and sweetly answered:

"My dear child must not move in this matter at all. It does not become her to do so. Besides it would do no good, my love. It would do harm. Falconer must be left to suffer some of the painful consequences of his own mad passion and rash acts before he will ever think it necessary to bring them into subjection to his reason and conscience. It will not do always to interfere to counteract the wholesome discipline of suffering."

"But, oh, mamma, is not this a dangerous thing? He is so wretched. What if in his anguish and despair he should ruin himself as I have heard of others doing? What if he should be lost to us for ever?"

"He will not. Your father, love, watches over him with the affectionate interest of a parent. Your father will prevent him coming to evil."

"My dearest, dearest father. My undivided heart, my whole life devoted solely to him would not repay him for all we owe him."

"Right, Maud; right, love; for there is none like him in the world. Richard Pemberton was always good and great beyond other men, and every advancing year he has grown better and greater. When we were young, Maud, I loved him as I thought it possible for heart to love. Every advancing year I have loved him better and better. And now that we are growing old I love him best of all," said Augusta, with tears of deep joy in her eyes.

Then, after a little while, she said:

"We have had trials and sorrows, Maud; who has ever escaped them? We have had bitter poli-

tical enemies, we have been envied, hated, slandered—our best actions ascribed to the worst motives, our most earnest purposes often thwarted, our brightest hopes often darkened. And we have had domestic sorrows—crushing, heart-breaking sorrows. Your loss was such an one. Yet still, still! I have been so blessed in him, Maud, so blessed in him, Maud. That is the reason I want my darling to be blessed in her husband, then all the joys of her life will be multiplied, and all the sorrows of her life will be comforted. I feel confident my child will be blessed; I feel such faith in Richard Pemberton that I am sure he will convert and redeem her Falconer, and make him worthy to be his son."

(To be Continued.)

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

THE Emperor William recently celebrated his eightieth birthday amidst a brilliant assembly of German and foreign princes, and amidst the joy of his people. The green old age of this monarch is no less wonderful than that of the Pope. If the latter holds consistories, delivers allocutions, creates cardinals, and receives pilgrims; the former takes part in camp manoeuvres, and daily devotes himself actively to affairs of State. These two aged men now represent two irreconcilable principles, the struggle between which will certainly outlive them. But the issue of the struggle cannot be doubtful, and the Emperor William, having arrived at the evening of his life, may take comfort in the certainty that his cause, which is the cause of civilisation, will triumph.

MARVELS OF MAN.

WHILE the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed; it has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but, at the moment of death, it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land; in the valley, and on the mountain-top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth; no palace-door can shut it out, no drawer so "secret" as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, and yet that eye is not blinded, because there is a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature incessantly emptying itself under the eyelid, which spreads it over the surface of the ball at every winking, and washes every atom of dust away.

But this liquid, so mild, and so well adapted to the eye itself, has some acidity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids were it not that along the edges of them there are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eye-ball washed clean, as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to rebreathe it, unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while if it hovered about us, a more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the instant it escapes the lips and nostrils, it ascends to the higher regions, above the breathing-point, there to be rectified, renovated, and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is beautifully exhibited any frosty morning.

But foul and deadly as the expired air is, Nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of voice, and makes of it the whisper of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle, making the navel its centre, will just take in the head, the finger-ends, and feet.

The distance from "top to toe" is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended.

The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the hair on the forehead to the end of the chin is one tenth the length of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are found in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood; phosphorus in the brain; limestone in the bile; lime in the bones, dust and ashes in all. Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two, of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, salt-petre, and charcoal; and such is man, the lord of earth! a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of gunpowder, an atom of charcoal!

But looking at him in another direction, these elements shadow forth the higher qualities of a diviner nature, of an immortal existence. In that spark is the calorific quality which speaks of irrepresible activity; in that drop is the water which speaks of purity; in that grain is the force by which he subdues all things to himself, makes the wide creation the supplier of his wants, and the servitor of his pleasure; while in that atom of charcoal there is the diamond, which speaks at once of light and purity, of indestructibility and of resistless progress, for there is nothing which outshines it; it is purer than the dewdrop; "meth and rust corrupt" it not, nor can ordinary fires destroy it; while it cuts its way alike through brass and adamant and hardest steel. In that light we see an eternal progression towards omniscience; in that purity, the goodness of a divine nature; an immortal existence.

SLEEPING POSITION.

THE food passes from the stomach at the right side, hence its passage is facilitated by going to sleep on the right side. Water and other fluids flow equally on a level, and it requires less power to propel them on a level, than upwards. The heart propels the blood to every part of the body at each successive beat, and it is easy to see that if the body is in a horizontal position the blood will be sent to the various parts of the body with greater ease, with less expenditure of power, and more perfectly than could possibly be done if one portion of the body were elevated above a horizontal line.

On the other hand, if one portion of the body is too low, the blood does not return as readily as it is carried thither; hence, there is an accumulation and distension, and pain soon follows. If a person goes to sleep with the head but a very little lower than the body, he will either soon wake up, or will die with apoplexy before the morning, simply because the blood could not get back from the brain as fast as it was carried to it.

If a person lays himself down on a level floor for sleep, a portion of the head, at least, is lower than the heart, and discomfort is soon induced; hence, very properly, the world over, the head is elevated during sleep. The savage uses a log of wood or a bunch of leaves; the civilized a pillow; and if this pillow is too thick, raising the head too high, there is not blood enough carried to the brain, and as the brain is nourished, rebowed, and invigorated by the nutriment it receives from the blood during sleep, it is not fed efficiently, and the result is unquiet sleep during the night, and a waking up in weariness, without refreshment, to be followed by a day of drowsiness, discomfort, and general inactivity of both mind and body.

The pillow should be hard enough to prevent the head sinking more than about three inches.

GLORIA;

OR,

MARRIED IN RAGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

"AND HAVE I, by the Lord's help, saved Gloria? Are you sure she will take no fatal harm from that ice-cold plunge in the sea?" inquired David Lindsay, in a painful doubt, strangely inconsistent with his expressed confidence at a less hopeful time.

Before replying to his question the dame went to the bedside and examined her patient, then she came back and said:

"Yea, lad, 'ee has certainly saved the little lady's life. She will take no harm now. She is in a sound sleep and a gentle perspiration. She is perfectly safe now. So 'ee may rest satisfied."

"Satisfied," dear granny!" exclaimed the youth, with a look of radiant happiness on his face. "Satisfied? Why I am overjoyed, crowned, blessed! I would rather have saved her precious life than to have won all the wealth, fame, power and glory of this world."

"I believe 'ee, lad. I believe 'ee."

"But, what do I say? The glory of this world? Why, I would rather have saved her sacred life than have won Heaven."

"Eh! Stop there, lad. 'Ee's growing profane. Is that 'ee gratitude to the Lord? Stop at the glory of this world, lad, and do not compare any earthly good with the heavenly blessedness," said the dame, laying down her knitting and placing her spectacles high on her cap that she might look him straight in the face with her earnest blue eyes.

"I did not mean to be profane," said David, meekly.

The good woman resumed her work, and David took up his own, and they worked in silence until the hour for retiring drew near, when Dame Lindsay, finally rolled up her knitting, took off her spectacles and put them both away, and said:

"Now, David, read a chapter from the Word, and then get 'ee to bed, lad."

"And you, granny? Where will you sleep?" inquired the young man.

"I shall sit in my old arm-chair by the fire as long as I can keep up, and then I shall lie down on the bed beside the lassie, so as to wake readily if she should stir."

"Don't sit up too long, dear granny. You are not able."

"Don't 'ee fear, David; I'll lie down when I grow weary."

David brought the Bible and seated himself at the table opposite his aged relative, and read parts of the first and second chapters of Matthew, recording the genealogy and birth of our Saviour. Then the dame folded her hands and reverently prayed for both, that they might be able to receive the Lord in their affections in that sacred Christmas season, and be led by him for ever.

"Now, David, lad, get 'ee to bed," she said, as she arose from her knees.

"If I can be of any use during the night, will you call me, granny?"

"Ay, lad; be sure of that."

Then David kissed her withered hand and went up to his loft; but instead of going to bed, he placed himself on the floor with his feet through the trap-door, resting on the highest step, and there he sat and watched and listened until Christmas Eve passed into Christmas morn.

About midnight he heard his grandmother rise from her chair and cross the room, to lie down beside the sleeping girl.

Then he bent his head and called:

"Granny! granny!"

"Ay, lad, what is it?"

"Can I do anything at all?"

"Nay, boy. Get 'ee back to bed."

She did not suspect that he had not been in bed. He resumed his watch, and kept it up until daylight. He scarcely heard a sound from below, except an occasional slight sigh, or motion from the old woman, who, like all aged persons, was a very light sleeper.

When morning dawned David heard his grandmother rise and open the windows.

Then he called down the stairs once more:

"Granny."

"Ay, lad."

"Can I help you now?"

"Ay, lad, put on 'ee clothes, and come down."

David had not taken off his clothes, and therefore had not to put them on. He instantly descended the narrow stairs and stood before his grandmother.

"I never knew 'ee to dress so quick, lad," she said.

"That is because I was not undressed. What can I do first, granny?"

"Ay, indeed! 'Ee's been sitting up all night. It was a useless loss of rest, David; but well meant. Take 'ee self off now to the shed and bring in some wood, lad."

The young man went out to do her bidding, and soon returned with an armful of round-hickory logs, which he laid upon the fire.

Then he took the tea-kettle out and filled it from the cistern and brought it back and hung it over the blaze.

Every movement of the old woman and the young man was made quietly and noiselessly, so as not to disturb the calm sleeper, who as yet gave no sign of waking.

"Now, lad, I'll leave 'ee here to watch the kettle. Take it off as soon as it boils, and don't forget to

turn the Johnny cake," said Dame Lindsay, as she took her fresh sweet pail and went out to milk the cow, a duty that she would never allow David to do for her.

Indeed, the act of setting a man or boy to milk would have shocked her ideas of the fitness of things. She would have thought it an insult to the cow.

When she had closed the door behind her, David Lindsay gave a glance to the fireplace, to see that all was right there, and then he went on tiptoe to the side of the bed and gazed fervently on "the sleeping beauty."

The quilt that had been hung in front to shield her eyes from the ruddy blaze of the fire on the previous night, when the repose was necessary to her shattered nervous system, was now removed to give her more air; for the time had come when it would be well for her to awake.

The bed had been straightened into perfect order, and the white counterpane drawn up, so that only the lovely face, lying with its right cheek on the pillow and forehead towards the front of the bed, was visible.

The golden hair had been drawn away from the nape of the neck and carried up over the pillow, where it lay a shining mass of curls. A very pathetic face it was, with the tender eyes half shut, the sweet lips half closed.

Her sleep looked like the "deep deliciousness of death," though had it been really that, it might have been said with equal truth that it looked like the sweetest sleep.

David Lindsay sank on his knees beside the bed and gazed on the beautiful, unconscious face turned towards him, as he never would have dared to gaze had those features been instinct with wakeful intelligence.

And then, out of the fulness of his heart, he began to murmur words of passionate love to those sealed ears that he never would have ventured to utter had they been listening—words of reverential, worshipping love, that for their incoherence and extravagance could scarcely bear repetition here. He lifted a tress of the floating golden hair and pressed it to his lips, while his tears fell thick and heavily.

"Why do I love you?" he sighed at length. "I know it is vain, and worse than vain! I am but a clod of the earth! And you, what are you? I scarcely know. Something so pure, so precious, so sacred, that it seems sacrilege to touch this halo around your head, these peerless tresses. Yet I love you! I love you! Clod as I am, I love you, oh, unattainable blessing! I might as well love a queen on her throne, the sun in the heavens, the moon, or any glorious, infinitely distant star! Oh, Gloria! Gloria! Bright seraph, why did you come and shine on this poor earth that I am, to quicken it with a living soul—to wake it to such love, such suffering, such despair?"

Down went his head again upon the side of the bed, while his bosom heaved with heavy sobs, and his tears fell like rain.

"David Lindsay."

Her sweet voice fell on his ears like a benediction.

He lifted his head. She was awake, and gazing gently on his troubled face.

"What is the matter, David Lindsay? What has happened?" she inquired, with a look of sympathy and deep perplexity.

"Nothing; I mean—yes, something has happened, but it is well over, and oh, how I thank heaven to hear you speak again!" he said, with an effort to recover his self-control, as he arose from his knees.

"What? Is the little lady awake at last? Well, it is time. It would not have been good for her to have slept longer," said the voice of Dame Lindsay, who had just entered the room and approached the bed.

"She has just this instant opened her eyes, and has scarcely yet collected her thoughts, I think," said the young man, in a low tone, as he gave place to the old woman, and went out of the house to conceal from her the traces of his strong emotion.

"How does 'ee feel, dearie?" inquired the dame, bending over the revived girl.

"I don't think I quite know," answered Gloria, with a bewildered look, as she passed her hand over her forehead, as if to clear away some mental mist of forgetfulness, and opened her eyes, half raised herself in bed, and gazed around her.

"Does 'ee know me, dearie?"

"Oh, yea, dear, good Dame Lindsay, but I don't remember—"

"Don't 'ee know where 'ee is, darling?"

"To be sure I know this dear old cottage, but I can't remember coming here at all."

"As how should 'ee, indeed, darling? 'Ee knowed nothing about it. Now, don't talk any more, and don't even think, if 'ee can help it; but lie still until I bring 'ee some strong beef tea to nourish 'ee and give strength," said the good woman, as she laid the girl's head back on the pillow and drew the counterpane up to her chin.

But a change came over Gloria's face. Dark memory, like a cloud, arose and overcast it; yet she mistook the reality for a dream, and she shuddered as she said:

"Oh, dear Granny Lindsay, don't go yet! Give me your hand, and let me hold you fast! I am frightened—I am frightened."

"What is the matter with 'ee, dearie?" inquired the sympathetic woman, as she gave her hand, which the girl clasped spasmodically, and held fast.

"Oh, Granny, Granny Lindsay, I have had such a horrid, horrid nightmare! I dreamed that I was drowning, and, oh, I saw and felt it all, as if it had been real! Oh, Granny Lindsay, don't leave me yet, but tell me what has happened, and how I came to be here? Have I been ill a long time?—and delirious? I have heard of people being so ill and delirious that they could know nothing of the passage of time. Uncle was so, you know, after auntie died. Have I been so long?"

"No, dearie, 'ee couldn't talk so fast if 'ee had been, replied the dame, with a smile.

"Then what has happened, and how is it that I am here instead of at home?"

"'Ee has had a ducking in the sea, lassie, no worse. 'Ee was swept off the Rogue's Neck by the tide, when 'ee was too late in trying to cross, and 'ee might have—"

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, it was no nightmare, but an awful fact!" murmured the girl to herself, as she pressed her hands upon her face.

"And 'ee might have been drowned sure enough if David hadn't seen 'ee from his boat and picked 'ee up, dearie."

"David Lindsay," breathed the girl.

"Ay, dearie, David Lindsay. He picked 'ee up and brought 'ee home here, because it was so much nearer than the hall, 'ee knows, dearie."

"David Lindsay saved my life," murmured the girl, dreamily.

"Ay, little lady, he did; and so 'ee got no worse harm than a cold ducking, though indeed 'ee was quite insensible, and seemed lifeless when 'ee was brought home in the arms of David. But 'ee's all right now, dearie."

"David Lindsay saved my life!" reiterated the girl, dwelling fondly on the words, and on the thought.

"Eh! lass, surely yes, and we must thank the Lord that 'ee was saved."

"Yes; and David Lindsay, too! Oh! I am pleased that it was he, my old playmate, and no other. What will uncle say now?" muttered the girl, still dreamily.

"Eh! dearie, he would say that 'ee ought to take some nourishing food immediately. Ain't 'ee hungry now, say?"

"Yes," promptly replied Gloria.

"Now 'ee knows all about it; 'ee'll not be afraid to let me go?"

"Oh, no!" said Gloria, smiling; for she was every moment growing better.

The dame brought her the beef tea and dry toast from the fire, and made her take that first, saying:

"'Ee shall have a cup of coffee or tea, whichever 'ee likes, presently; but this is the best for 'ee now."

Gloria obediently consumed all the beef tea and dry toast, and relished both.

"Now I feel well; but I think I would rather lie here a few minutes longer, and not try to get up yet, if you will let me, dear Dame Lindsay."

"To be sure, little lady. 'Ee should lie there quietly all the morning, and when 'ee rises should rest quietly in the house for a day or two. Could 'ee be satisfied to stay here till 'ee gets over this shock?"

"Oh, yes, dear Dame Lindsay, I was always so happy when here with you. Oh, I wish there would come a snow-storm, and I would be snow-bound here for a long time. But, oh, poor uncle! Does he know that David Lindsay saved my life?"

"No, dearie; there has been no time to tell him. It is early in the morning yet, 'ee knows; but after breakfast David must go and tell him that 'ee's safe."

"And that I must stay here for a few days," added Gloria.

"Surely, dearie," replied the old woman. At that moment the two were startled by a loud knock.

Dame Lindsay got up to answer the summons, but before she could cross the floor the door was thrown violently open and Colonel De Crespiigny strode into the room, looking pale, haggard, hurried, and at least thirty years older than when we saw him last.

CHAPTER XV.

"I beg your pardon for this sudden intrusion, but—I am suffering great—the greatest anxiety," he began, casting his eyes around the room. "My ward has been missing since yesterday. Have you seen—have you heard—"

"She is safe, Colonel De Crespiigny. She is quite safe. She is here," answered Dame Lindsay, leading the visitor around the head-board of the bed, that had hitherto hidden the recumbent girl from his sight.

"Gloria, my darling!" he exclaimed, as soon as his eyes fell upon her. "Heavens, what a fright you have given us! What insufferable tortures of anxiety and suspense! And to find you here, and in bed, too! What does all this mean?" he demanded, turning in more displeasure than gratitude to the old dame.

"It means that the little lady, while trying to walk across the Rogue's Neck, was overtaken by the tide and swept off to sea, and was picked up by my David, who happened to be out with his boat, and who brought her here as to the nearest house," replied Dame Lindsay.

"What is all this that she tells me, Gloria?" inquired the shocked colonel.

"The truth, uncle! David Lindsay saved my life," said the girl, with a glow of gratitude and pride.

"A gallant deed, for which he shall be most liberally rewarded," said Colonel De Crespiigny, as he sank into the chair that Dame Lindsay had silently placed for him at the side of the bed.

Gloria darted a glance full of scorn and indignation at this speech. It fell harshly on the colonel's unobservant head, and he repeated:

"A gallant deed, truly, of the young fisherman, and he shall be munificently paid. But, my dear girl, how could you have been so imprudent as to cross to the main alone? Did you not know there was great danger?"

"I did not care, I was weary of myself and of everybody else. And now I am very glad I went, for David Lindsay saved my life," said Gloria, luxuriating over the words and the thought.

"I say it was a brave deed, for which he shall be munificently rewarded," repeated the colonel; "but still, my darling, I think that it was a pity your life should be risked for the sake of having it saved, even by David Lindsay," he added, with a little sarcasm.

"I think not. The risk and pain are compensated by the memory left behind—a sweetness that will last me all my days," replied the girl, as a strange tenderness of joy melted and irradiated her face.

The colonel's brow grew dark. He did not speak for a few moments; when he did it was to say:

"My dear Gloria, we owe a deep debt of gratitude to this good woman and her son—or grandson, is he? But we must not trespass on their kind hospitality. I am sure you must be sufficiently recovered to rise and dress and return with me to the Hall."

"Oh, no, indeed she is not. She has been so shaken by her shock. Take an old woman's word for it, sir, she had better bide here a day or two," said Dame Lindsay, speaking earnestly for her guest.

"Indeed, uncle, she is right. I need to stay here where I am," added Gloria.

"Will you have the kindness to withdraw for a few moments and leave me alone with my ward? I have something to say to her in private," said Colonel De Crespiigny, turning to the woman.

Dame Lindsay bent her head, and went up into the little loft, and improved her time there by making David's bed.

"Gloria, my dearest, I could not speak freely to you in the presence of your humble hostess—" began the colonel; but the wilful girl impatiently interrupted him.

"Humble hostess, uncle? Why should Dame Lindsay be called 'humble,' indeed? I call her my honoured hostess, in my own thoughts."

"Well, well, my little girl, call her what you will. I shall not differ with you. But, my dear, I was about to say that it is not fitting or proper that you should remain here any longer."

"Why is it not fitting or proper, uncle?"

"Because this is the house of a young labouring man, and while you are here you are his visitor."

"But I am his grandmother's guest," persisted Gloria.

"No, my child, no; the house is his, not his grandmother's. The position is unfit, improper, indelicate. I wonder you do not see that it is so."

"No, I do not see it. But if any one sees it, that is enough. I cannot stay, of course. I will go home with you, uncle."

"That is right, Gloria. That is right, my dearest girl. I thank you, love, for your ready acquiescence in my views and compliance with my wishes. As for this young Lindsay, who is such a favourite protégé of yours—and deservedly so, I must admit—he shall be well paid for the service he has rendered you. I will send him a cheque for two hundred pounds to-morrow."

"Marvel!" exclaimed Gloria, lifting herself up and looking him straight in the face, "if you do such a thing as that I will never forgive you as long as I live in this world."

"Gloria, what on earth do you mean? Have you gone crazy, my child?"

"No, but I think you have!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say, Colonel De Crespiigny. If you were to offer David Lindsay money for saving my life I would never speak to you again as long as I should live on this earth."

"But, my dear, unreasonable child, why should I not do so?"

"Why?" I wonder you, a gentleman and a soldier, you, a De Crespiigny, cannot see why!" said Gloria, harping a little upon his own words of a few minutes past.

"I cannot see; but if you or any one can, I should like to be informed of the reason," said the colonel, in the same spirit.

"Then I will tell you. Suppose it had fallen to your lot to rescue Dame Lindsay from drowning, and David Lindsay had offered you money, as much as he could afford, in payment of your service, what would you have thought? How would you have felt?"

"My dearest Gloria, the cases differ totally," exclaimed the colonel, with a flushed brow.

"They do not differ in one essential point, uncle, and you know it, and feel it now, if you neither knew nor felt it before. I will yield to your wishes and return home with you to-day. But you must not insult my preserver by offering him any sort of reward for saving me. You may thank him, for yourself and for me; but thank him as you would General Stuart, or Doctor Battis, or any other gentleman of your acquaintance, had either of them rendered me the same inestimable service."

"My dear, absurd child, I do thank him more than tongue can tell. I think the most practical way of expressing my thanks would be to send him a cheque for a round sum; but if you prefer that I should take off my hat to him instead, why, I will do that."

"Yes, do that. Take off your hat to him. And now please to go to the foot of the stairs there and call Granny Lindsay down. She will get cold if she stays up in that fireless loft any longer," said Gloria, who had been anxious all this time on account of her old friend.

"Mrs. Lindsay, Miss De la Vera would like to see you," said Colonel De Crespiigny, from the foot of the ladder.

"Ay, sir, I will come down," answered the dame, and she immediately descended.

"Granny Lindsay, my uncle has convinced me that I ought to return home with him. I am very sorry to leave you, but I must go!" said Gloria, gently.

"Ah, well, dearie, I am sorry, too; but of course 'ee must be guided by 'ee guardian, little lady, and I hope 'ee'll take no harm. 'Eee clothes are all dry and ready for 'ee, and I'll wrap 'ee up warm and nice for 'ee little journey," said the dame.

"And now, uncle, you will please to withdraw! You see there is only this one room, and we must take turns."

Colonel De Crespiigny smiled good humouredly enough as he left the house to walk up and down in the crisp, cold winter air outside.

Dame Lindsay brought the girl's clothes from the chair over which they had been hanging near the fire.

"Granny Lindsay, where has David Lindsay gone?" inquired Gloria, as she arose and began to dress herself.

"Down to the shore to look after his boat, I reckon, love; or maybe he has crossed to the main to bring a load of brushwood."

"He hurried away as soon as I awoke and you came in?"



[FROM THE HUNGRY SEA.]

"Yes, dearie; he did so to give you a chance to get up and dress, I reckon."

"Will he be back before I go?"

"I hope so, dearie."

Gloria slowly dressed herself, and then requested that her uncle might be called in.

Dame Lindsay, meanwhile, had placed coffee, hot rolls, and broiled ham on the breakfast-table, and now she went to the door and called Colonel De Crespigny.

"I hope you will do us the pleasure to take a cup of coffee this Christmas morning, sir," said the dame, as she placed a chair at the table for her visitor.

"Thanks, no; I took coffee before I left home this morning," answered the colonel.

But Gloria sat down and drank a little cup with her hostess.

Then, not to keep her guardian waiting longer than necessary, she arose, and put on her hat and saque to depart.

"Good-bye, dear friend," she said, offering her cheek to the old dame's kiss. "Good-bye. I shall never forget your motherly kindness to me. And please to say good-bye for me to David Lindsay, and tell him that I shall hold my life sweeter from this day forth, because he saved it."

With this grateful and gracious message to her preserver, Gloria joined her uncle and left the cottage.

Involuntarily her eyes roamed all over the islet, in search of her old playmate; but in vain, for he was nowhere to be seen.

"Lean heavily on me, my child. You are pale and trembling," said De Crespigny tenderly, as he drew her hand closer under his arm and slackened his steps to accommodate them to her weary walk.

When they reached the shore, Gloria looked around again for some sign of David Lindsay's presence, but there was none to be seen, not even his little boat; and this was a certain indication that the dame's conjectures pointed to the truth, and that the young fisherman had crossed to the main.

With a sigh Gloria gave up the hope she had cherished of seeing and thanking him in person before leaving the island.

Colonel De Crespigny's boat was waiting, and Laban, who had seen them coming, and joyfully recognised Gloria, was laying on the oars.

"Come, my dear," said the colonel, as he handed his ward to her seat in the stern—"come, make yourself comfortable. Double your saque over your chest. It is a splendid day for late December, but the air is rather keen on the water."

"Oh, Miss Glo! I'm so glad you're safe!" cried Laban, grinning from ear to ear. "'Deed we dem over to the house is been almos' crazy 'bout yer ebber since las' night, when yer didn't come home to dinner. And me and Marse Colonel Discrepancy beatin' de main woods all night long! All de blessed, live-long Christmas Ebb! And took Fiddle 'long of us and made her smell some o' yer close, and didn't she take a round-about ramble t'rough dem woods?"

"Did you hunt for me all last night, Marcel, dear?" inquired Gloria, with more tenderness than she had shown him for many weeks.

"Yes, my child. Did you suppose, Gloria, that I could have rested one moment, anywhere, from the hour that you were missed until you were found? It was at dinner that, on your non-appearance, I inquired of your maid why you did not come, and was told that you had been gone all day to the main, and had not returned. I had no thought but that you had lost yourself in the woods, and so I set out at once, with Laban here and your little dog Fidelle and lanterns. The tide was low when we crossed the Neck. The little animal soon struck your trail, and convinced me that I was right. You have been told how she kept us wandering around in a circle all night. In the morning, as a forlorn hope, we returned to the Promontory, took the boat and came to the island to make inquiries."

"Oh! Marcel, dear, I never realised before how much distress my imprudence caused you," said Gloria, penitently, as she now for the first time observed the ravages that one night's intense anxiety had wrought in the man's face.

"Yer better believe it den, Miss Glo!" spoke up Laban. "Ef my head hadn't been gray long afore dis, last night's doings would a turned it! And dere's 'Phis, gone to bed long of a sick headache, and 'Mia in de high-strikes."

While this conversation was going on they were rapidly passing over the water between Sandy Isle and the Promontory.

With Laban's last words, the boat grounded on the beach below the sea-wall, and the boatman drew in his oars.

"Go on to the house as fast as you can, Laban; and relieve the anxiety of your fellow-servants, so that they may be in a condition to attend Miss Davero when we get home," said Colonel De Crespigny, as he handed his ward from the boat.

The man very gladly obeyed, and ran on before them so rapidly that he was soon out of sight.

Colonel De Crespigny found himself alone with his ward for the first time (with the exception of the few minutes they had talked together in the little island cot, whose very walls had ears).

He drew her hand within his arm, and supporting her carefully, walked slowly on through that boat-house built in the sea wall, and then up through the fields and ornamental grounds that lay between it and the Hall.

"Gloria, my beloved, can you really estimate all I have suffered during your unexplained absence?" he inquired, as he pressed the hand that rested on his arm.

"Yes, uncle, I think I can. I am very sorry. I was not worth so much anxiety, uncle dear."

"Do not call me uncle. I cannot bear to hear you call me so," he burst forth, with such energy that the girl shrunk from him, and shuddered through all her frame.

"Gloria. Do you not understand me? Will you never understand me? Child, I can smother my feelings no longer. I have tried to keep silence, but I cannot. Twenty-four hours of agony have overcome my last power—self-control. Oh, my love, I love you. I love you," he cried, stopping suddenly and facing her.

"Uncle—for Heaven's sake, uncle," she exclaimed, in deadly terror.

"Do not call me by that name unless you would drive me mad. I am not the least kin to you. I thank the Lord I am not your uncle; for I must be—your husband! There, it is spoken. I love you, Gloria, with a love that has broken down every barrier of prudence, self-control, expediency, everything. I love you with a love that is my fate, and must be yours! For you must be my wife, Gloria!" he cried, clasping her hands in his and gazing on her with eyes that seemed to burn into her soul.

One amazed and terrified look she cast upon him, and then, with a half-suppressed cry, she broke away and fled!

(To be Continued.)



[DISCOVERED AT LAST.]

THE GOLDEN BOWL.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clitje Cranbourne," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

TOO LATE NOW, EVEN IF THE MAN APPEARED.

AND all this time Jacob Searle was in prison under sentence of death.

An unusually long period to keep a criminal between condemnation and execution, but a petition, signed by numerous persons who had known the accused, had been presented to the Secretary of State, urging that the indictment was informal, that there was no proof of murder since the body of the man had not been found, and that in fact the man supposed to be killed had been seen and recognised by more than one person.

All of which, though it did not obtain the reprieve prayed for, procured a respite, so that if there were any doubt the convict should have the benefit of it.

Poor Mrs. Searle, her hair which had scarcely been tinged with grey before that fatal night, was white as that of a very old woman now, and she went about her duties at the farm, and managed even her son's portion of the work with stern determination, it is true, but with a wild look in her eye which seemed to confirm the almost universal belief that her mind was affected.

But while there is life there is hope, and she cannot, will not believe that her son shall die by the hands of the common hangman, or that he will not still be the prop and stay of her old age.

It is from this belief that she still carries on the business of the farm, looks closely after the accounts, and allows nothing to be neglected or to run to waste, lest, when the master comes back he shall find his property diminished; but, though she thus works and strives, refusing to see or acknowledge the doubts and certainties that oppress other people, an awful terror and dread looms away in the distance like the shadow of death from which, struggle as she will, escape is impossible.

The news that Milly Bray had recognised Godfrey Slocombe at the theatre had been carried down to

Devonshire by Dr. Bristol, and had circulated far and wide, her singular disappearance seeming to confirm the story, until Willoughby Shrapnell's name was also mentioned, and then those intent upon saving Jacob Searle's life felt they had something to work upon.

It was on this account that Frederick Monckton had desired the lawyer to be telegraphed for, and thus disturbed that very happy scene at Tynemouth, for he had inadvertently mentioned in one of his letters to his father the fact of Mr. Shrapnell having, as he believed, seen and spoken to Godfrey Slocombe, and Lord Luton being one of those men who having once taken a prejudice into their minds are very reluctant to lose it, could not, and would not be persuaded that Godfrey was not in some way concerned in the death of his late neighbour, Sir John Carew, and he had therefore been among the most active in trying to procure Jacob Searle's respite or reprieve.

True, the former only had been obtained; but this was something, and his lordship had made a very earnest appeal to his son to induce the lawyer to exert himself to the utmost on the wretched man's behalf.

I need scarcely say that neither Frederick Monckton nor Willoughby Shrapnell had very much sympathy with or interest in the violent man who first tried to outrage a girl, then to murder her lover, and no sentimental notions of pity and sympathy for his disappointment at the hands of a flirt had the least influence upon them. But then, they both knew Milly, and pitied rather than blamed her.

Still, justice is justice, and Englishmen, as a rule, have a great regard for the quality that is not so universally dispersed over the world as we sometimes imagine, and had Jacob Searle been the most bitter enemy of both of them instead of simply an object of indifference, they would still have done their best, if they believed he had not committed the crime for which he was condemned, to save him from the consequences of it.

That he had intended to commit murder neither of them doubted, but the intention—in law, at least—was not as bad as the act, and despite the sailor's assertion that his name was Joe Smith, the lawyer firmly believed that he had seen and spoken to Godfrey Slocombe.

This being the case, he could do no less than state his belief, and also the very little he had been able to learn about the man.

But upon this ground the respite had been granted,

and telegraphic messages had been sent to and from Rio de Janeiro concerning the Osprey and her crew. Without much satisfaction, however. The ship was in quarantine, yellow fever on board, and it was believed that more than half of the crew had died from the terrible malady.

Not a brilliant look-out for Jacob Searle, though perhaps he took less interest in the search than any one else engaged in it. He did not believe it was of any use, did not wish it to be, in fact, for if Godfrey Slocombe returned it would be, in all probability, to marry Milly Bray, and the wretched culprit dashed himself upon the ground in impotent fury at the, to him, maddening idea that his hated rival should hold the prize which he had failed to win.

But Godfrey Slocombe could not be living. The idea was preposterous.

The pistol shot had taken effect, otherwise he could not have been lifted so easily; and then that dreadful height from which he was cast into the sea!

Even as he thought of it the murderer shuddered.

Many a time had he looked down from the High Cliffs into the sea below, and wondered what the sensation would be of falling down, down, perhaps bumping against the jutting rocks which lined the side of the precipice, until the body came in contact with the water and the half submerged rocks which lay at its feet.

And to think that a man wounded and helpless could go through this further peril and survive it was incredible. No, someone resembling Godfrey Slocombe might have been seen, but the real Godfrey had been food for the fishes long since, and as no reprieve was to be granted, only a respite, Jacob Searle almost cursed those friends who had thus tried to help him, and to prolong his miserable existence.

"It's no use, I tell you," he said one day to his mother, who had come to Exeter to see him; "the man's dead, I meant to kill him; what's the good of keeping me alive and holding out false hopes? He's dead, or if he isn't I'll help to kill him again, and I'm going to tell the governor of the prison so. He came to me last night in my sleep, with a wound in his forehead and said he was waiting for me; I'll live this life no longer; I've been silent till now, but the end's come. Kiss me, mother, and don't come again; mind, don't come again, for I'll not see thee." Vainly his mother pleaded.

With a firmness worthy of a better cause he turned a deaf ear to her entreaties, parted with her, as he said, "for the last time," and that very night he wrote a full and complete confession of his crime.

Sparing himself in nothing, he described his meeting with Milly, on the morning of that ill-fated day, of his threats and intention towards her.

Then he wrote of Godfrey Slocombe's appearance, of the girl's delight, and his own determined revenge.

The scene in the Rose Bower was detailed with terrible minuteness; only to go home and fetch his pistols did he lose sight of his intended victim, and during that time he knew he was securely lodged at the village inn.

Stealthily as a cat, he had followed the ex-secretary to the Rose Bower, where he had heard Milly appoint to meet him.

From his own point of view, he painted the scene, stating, as though it had been a wrong to himself, how he had heard his rival kissing the girl, and then, how he had followed him step by step until they reached the High Cliffs, where the striking of a fusee to see the face of his watch, convinced the intended murderer of the identity of his victim.

The confession was, from the condemned man's point of view, a justification also, but to those who read it, the document seemed rather like a cry of exultation over the success of his diabolical revenge upon a man who had never consciously injured him.

It seemed indeed, but for its consecutive character, which agreed with already established facts, like the production of a madman, instead of one condemned to death, who was thus casting the last plank away between himself and destruction.

When this document was signed, witnessed, and forwarded to head-quarters, Jacob Searle's last chance of a reprieve went with it.

Newspapers published and made comments upon it, any sympathy that had been felt for the convict now turned to detestation, not a voice was lifted in his favour, and the execution so long delayed, was fixed for the first day of October, just one fortnight less than a year after the crime was committed.

Milly Bray in her far away retreat, read this news with dismay, and Willoughby Shrapnell, whose suspicions concerning the true identity of the sailor Joe Smith, had received some confirmation, redoubled his efforts to find the man and bring him back to England in time to save the farmer, who had evidently no wish to live.

"He will be transported for ten years for the assaults with intent to murder, if our hopes are confirmed, and Godfrey is still alive," observed the lawyer, coolly; "it would be a terrible thing to let loose upon society such a villain, until at any rate he has experienced the effects of punishment."

But despite Milly's hopes and dread, and Mr. Shrapnell's expectation, no definite news concerning the man they hoped to see was forthcoming.

Letters from Rio de Janeiro, from the agent he had employed, and also from the resident British Consul, stated what we already know, that a man previously known as Joe Smith, but stating his name to be Godfrey Slocombe, had made a singular statement, which was in a measure confirmed by the "Devonshire Tragedy," as it was called; while his story was being inquired into, however, and information sought as to how he first came to that port, the man with his companion, named John Hurdle, disappeared, but whether they had travelled inland, or sailed in some other vessel than that to which they belonged, it was impossible to say; they had deserted the Osprey, which had taken on board an entirely fresh crew.

A piece of news certainly not satisfactory to anyone, not that time would have been of so much importance under ordinary circumstances, since if Godfrey were alive and in his right mind, he would sooner or later return to England, but in the meantime Jacob Searle's life might be sacrificed, and unwittingly enough no doubt, but still clearly and definitely he had proved by his confession that Godfrey Slocombe could not have entered Clovelly Court on the night of Sir John Carew's death, since only while he fetched his pistols did he allow him to remain out of his sight, and during the whole of that time the landlord of the Inn was ready to swear that he was with the suspected gentleman.

Thus, by no act of his own, and on the testimony of his direct enemy, was Godfrey Slocombe's innocence proved, and again the cry was raised:

"Did Sir John Carew commit suicide? or, was he murdered? and if the latter, by whom?"

And meanwhile the days slip on with marvellous rapidity.

The corn has been reaped and gathered in, the apples are ripe and ruddy in the orchards, summer is waning, September is nearly past, already the

leaves are showing some of the rich tints of a fruitful autumn; in a few days more the first of October will be here, the day fixed for the execution of Jacob Searle.

Even his mother has abandoned hope at last, and lies uncomplainingly upon her couch, waiting for the awful tidings, and Godfrey Slocombe, if he is still alive, does not return.

And poor Milly Bray, with some compassion for the man sentenced to die to-morrow, asks:

"Will Godfrey come back at all, and will he be in time?"

Scarcely, for the minutes are running out like sands in an hour glass, and a human creature's life hangs upon them!

Yes, it is the 30th of September. Willoughby Shrapnell has done all in his power to save the man condemned to die on the morrow by bringing forward his presumed victim but in vain, and he himself admits that the struggle is over. He can do nothing more. The doomed man by his confession has signed his own death warrant, and the lawyer turns the last key in his drawers, looks around his office, and leaves it, feeling that, were the convict his own brother, he could have done no more for him.

"Too late now, even if the man appeared," he said, aloud, as the clock struck six, and he walked out of his office and reached the door-step.

CHAPTER XLII.

"GARRIN CAREW, MY DARLING!"

"Oh, Lady Mary, I have found the man at last, and I start for the north to-night. Ah!"

This last exclamation was occasioned by the speaker noticing the presence of a gentleman whom she had not observed on first entering the room.

A young man of some eight or nine and twenty, with fair hair, blue eyes; tall, broadly-built frame, and handsome features.

As he heard the voice, devoid now of any foreign accent, saw the blue eyes in the discoloured face that were now uncovered by those hideous blue spectacles, Frederick Monckton started to his feet, advanced towards the girl, and catching her in his arms, exclaimed:

"Carrie Carew, my darling!"

"Sir, how dare you?"

And the girl wrenched herself from his embrace.

"Forgive me. But Carrie, don't look like that. I am so glad to see you. You will forgive me, dearest, won't you?" taking her hand in his own and pressing it to his lips.

Had she not been in her own house, Lady Mary would have slipped from the room, leaving her nephew to plead his own cause, a cause she most heartily wished him success in, but under the circumstances that was impossible, it would almost have seemed like trapping the girl to be won by her nephew, and she was far too high-minded and dignified a lady to allow such a suspicion to be entertained for an instant.

As she could not retreat she came forward, to the young lady's great relief, and taking her hand, said:

"Carrie, my dear, I don't think further disguise is possible or necessary. Frederick has suspected your identity for a long time, I believe, though he and I have never spoken to each other on the subject; perhaps he can help us in our search. If he can I know he will; come, sit down and tell me what it is you have discovered."

Still the girl hesitated.

In very truth she was rather afraid of herself. What meant this timid shyness, this agitation, which Frederick Monckton's impulsive caress had produced.

Did she not know by too bitter experience the utter worthlessness of a man's love, and was she to writhe a second time beneath its power. Heaven forbid.

True she loved Sir Philip Walsingham no longer, but she remembered but too vividly the pain and agony his treachery and falsehood had caused her, and she determined that never again should any man thus have power to wound her.

Easy to determine, Carrie, but that small imp, Cupid, has a way of wedging in his arrows between the most firmly rivetted plates of armour, and, as a poisonous fly will destroy an elephant, so a shot from his bow subdues the strongest, and sometimes makes strong the weak, while, as a rule, fighting against him is usually like aggravating a wound and simply adding to the inflammation.

Not choosing to recognise this latter fact, Carrie, with a chilling smile, extended her hand, saying:

"How do you do, Mr. Monckton? No doubt you

were surprised to recognise me, and I have forgotten my spectacles; but the necessity for this disguise will be over soon, I hope."

"Was there ever any necessity for it?" asked the young man, taking the formally-offered hand, and then getting her a chair.

"I thought so, or rather circumstances made it desirable. I had no intention of disguising myself when I first left Clovelly, I only wanted to get away from Hilda, and so hide myself until I had succeeded in my quest, that she should not dream what I was doing. But when I heard of that poor woman who had stolen my clothes and afterwards jumped into the river being mistaken for me, I thought there was no harm in letting the delusion continue—for a time, at least. I knew there was only one kind heart that would really mourn for me," taking Lady Mary's hand in her own, "besides poor Winstay, and under promise of the strictest secrecy I let them know that I had neither been so weak nor so wicked as to take my own life."

"I don't think they were the only ones who cared for you," said the young man, reckless as to his aunt's presence, and looking fondly at her, "and it was rather hard on those who were not in the secret to allow them to believe you were dead."

"I did not plan the deception, I only failed to contradict it, and that for a time," was the reply; "and it was not as though murder had been committed, or anyone was to suffer any penalty, and if I had not dyed my hair and stained my face I should have been recognised long ago, even in London."

"Yes, Milly Bray recognised you, and sent me after you the day you lost your railway ticket. I have suspected you ever since, and if you had only worn your hair higher I should have recognised you the first day."

"My hair?" said Carrie, in surprise.

"Yes; have you forgotten the moles on your neck?"

Whereupon Carrie blushed crimson, as she remembered how, nearly two years ago, this irrepressible young man had bent down and kissed the very moles, of whose position and existence he was so certain.

"But what about the news you were going to tell me, dear?" asked Lady Mary, again coming to the rescue.

"Oh, yes, I have found Saunders at last. He is a very old man, and bedridden, but when I told him I was Caroline Carew, the daughter of his old master, he brightened up wonderfully, and said he could tell me all I wanted to know. He was present at my mother's marriage and was one of the witnesses who signed the register. He has given me the name of the church and locality in which it took place, and I must start to-night for the north to verify all he has said, then I shall feel free to resume my own name and personal appearance again."

"I believe I can help you, and perhaps save you a long journey," said Frederick Monckton, eagerly. Willoughby Shrapnell has just married a sister of your mother. He told me of the relationship in confidence; but I am sure he will forgive me for telling you."

"My mother! Is—she alive?" with a breathless gasp.

"I believe so."

"Oh, how blind and short-sighted I have been. Why did I leave Clovelly and put everything in Hilda's power, and my mother living! How mad, how foolish, how obstinate I have been!"

And the girl hid her face in her hands, overcome by her emotion.

It was some seconds before she looked up again, then her voice was low and intense, though firm, as she asked:

"Where is she? Take me to her at once."

"That I cannot do, for I do not know where she is. Shrapnell keeps her address a profound secret, but he will tell you—especially—"

Then he paused.

"Well? What?"

"If you go in your own proper appearance and character."

"I see. He knows I am alive. I sent an intimation to that effect to him a little while ago; do you know if he is in town?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Then I will go to him. I cannot do as you suggest until to-morrow. I will do so then, and after that I must start on my journey."

"On which I shall accompany you, my dear," said Lady Mary, firmly.

"How kind you are; but it will be such a long way," with a sigh.

"All the more reason why you should not go alone."

But Fred is right, you must put aside that hideous disguise; you know I never approved of it."

"I know you did not, but I believed I was right. I both doubted and feared Hilda, she would have watched and defeated me at every turn; now she lulls herself in a false security, believing I am dead, and beyond that, I saved our name from having the shadow of suspicion or disgrace thrown upon it; with my supposed death, there was no need to dispute the question of my mother's marriage."

"True; and yet, to brand your memory as that of a suicide to my mind was the greater disgrace of the two," returned Lady Mary, sadly; "but have your own way, dear, thank Heaven the end cannot now be far distant. You wish Fred to go to Mr. Shrapnell to-day, and appoint for us to call upon him to-morrow?"

"Yes, if you please, but to-morrow I must go to him alone."

"As you like, dear. Remember I stand in the place of a mother to you while you wait one."

"And what would have become of me during these weary months but for your love and kindness?" said Carrie, as she tenderly clasped her arm round the old lady and kissed her.

I am afraid that for the first time in his life Fred envied his aunt.

Only for the moment, however; he was not without hope that a sweeter kiss than even that bestowed upon his relative might one day be his, and we all know that—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast; Man never is, but always to be, blest."

So consoling himself for his present small share in the caresses of his lady-love, he expressed his willingness to go to the lawyer's, say all that was desirable or necessary, and arrange for a more important meeting on the morrow.

So the matter was arranged; Caroline Carew's existence was still to be kept a secret as far as possible, but she was no longer to disguise herself, or assume to be anything or person but what she really was.

"And you must come and make this house your home at once," said Lady Mary, positively, as soon as her nephew had taken leave. "I have always felt that it was little less than a disgrace to me, that my old friend's child should be hidden away in a poor, mean lodging; as you have been."

"Nay, you should not say that," replied Carrie, smiling. "I assure you I have been very well cared for; poor little Sally adores me, while her big husband, Policeman X.Y.Z., would even hazard his position in the 'force' to do me a service."

"No doubt, my dear, but their house is not a suitable home for Sir John Carew's daughter."

"Perhaps not, but I have been far happier with them than I should have been at Clovelly Court all these weary months. I will come and stay with you gladly, dear Lady Mary, but I cannot quite desert them till I go back to my own house in dear old Devonshire, and then they will go with me. But I must go and wash this ugly dye out of my hair, and get the brown stain off my face, or my old friends will have difficulty in recognising me. To think that I should have found my father's servant Saunders, and have heard that my mother is alive, and all in one day! It overwhelms me!"

And the heiress of Clovelly sat down on a couch and began to tremble, until her hostess feared she would become hysterical.

Two hours later than this and Lady Mary Monckton's brougham drew up at the door of a very unpretending house in Camden Town, and the curious neighbours were gratified by observing the young governess, Miss de Brun, who lodged there with a policeman and his wife, descend, say something to the coachman, there being no footman, close the carriage-door herself, and walk into the house by opening the front door with her latch key.

Whereupon more than one charitable gossip, who would have perilled her salvation for very much less than was implied by such an elegant equipage, declared it didn't look respectable, and they were surprised at young Mrs. Brown taking in such a gay young lady.

Meanwhile Mrs. Brown, herself an old acquaintance of ours, whom we have met before as Sally, the slavey at Miss Thompson's lodging-house in Stamford Street, where, it will be remembered, Carrie Carew first obtained lodgings, came running downstairs with consternation and dismay expressed in her face, as she exclaimed:

"Oh, Miss Carey, don't say it's come at last; don't say as you're going to leave us!"

"According to present appearances I shall have to say it soon, Sally. But don't be disheartened; I shall keep my word; good fortune to me means

good fortune to you. I am going away on a visit now. If I don't come back again to say with you I shall make arrangements for you and your husband soon to follow me, and now come and help me to get back the natural colour of my hair and complexion."

"But, oh, miss, we've been so happy; nothing could be better. Joe and me was saying so only yesterday, and agreeing that 'twas the luckiest day of our lives that first brought you to us."

"I am glad that my misfortunes have proved blessings to some people," replied Carrie, sadly, "and I am sure you won't grudge me a little happiness, Sally. But now make haste, that's a good girl. I have no time to lose."

Thus it was that three hours later a young lady with golden hair, a brilliant complexion, blue eyes, but in height and figure looking very like Miss de Brun, the policeman's lodger, stepped into the brougham which had returned for her, while her portmanteau was lifted up upon the box by Policeman X.Y.Z. himself, who had by that time returned home, and who stood bareheaded on the pavement as the carriage drove away, with his small wife declared a tear in his eye.

As for Sally herself, she indulged in a regular "good cry," for Carrie's liberality had not only enabled her and her Joe to get married, but had helped them to furnish their house; and thus raised them to a condition of comfort they could never otherwise have hoped to attain.

And meanwhile Carrie Carew leans back in the brougham, thinks of the impetuous embrace with which Frederick Monckton recognised her, wonders whether true and steadfast love is more than a fiction, questions herself as to whether she had ever really loved Sir Philip Walsingham, and even if so can she ever love again?

The question is still unanswered when she reaches Monckton Cottage, and the daylight has long since fled, but the subject of her meditations, with his bright, handsome face suffused with an expression of welcome, comes out to meet her.

CHAPTER XLIII.

CARRIE VISITS RUSSELL SQUARE.

NO.—, RUSSELL SQUARE, 9.15 A. M., on a bright September morning, and the breakfast room which looks out on the square, presents a most inviting appearance.

The mornings are chilly, and a small fire burns in the grate, rather for the appearance of warmth and comfort than from the necessity for it, and the pretty, graceful woman who walks into the room, looking at the prettily arranged table with its spotless linen, delicate china, bright silver, and still more gorgeous flowers, would scarcely remind us of the little Quakeress, Sadie Slocombe, but for the sweet loving eyes, and gentle manner, which had even in those days been peculiar to her.

She is no longer dressed in sober grey, and the high, helmet-like cap has also been banished, thus showing the abundance of her bright, golden hair, and the fine curves of her perfect figure, for Sadie Shrapnell is like most Englishwomen, at the very bloom and perfection of her beauty, though she has passed thirty.

Nearly three months have passed since she became Willoughby Shrapnell's wife, and if you asked her, she would tell you that she could never have believed such perfect happiness could exist upon earth, as she had experienced since her marriage; one thing is certain, she looks a good ten years younger than when we first met her, as the change has evidently been a satisfactory one.

Slightly anxious and nervous she looks as in her dark blue morning dress, she flits about the room, altering the arrangement of a curtain, a vase, or an antimacassar, for the niece, her sister's daughter, of whom she has heard so much, though never seen, who was believed to be dead, and in whose interests Willoughby had first gone to Tynemouth and thus met herself, was coming within an hour, and she was both anxious and nervous at the idea of meeting her.

Though business has pressed somewhat heavily upon him during the last three months, Willoughby Shrapnell looks very happy as he walks in, makes some loving observation, puts his arm round his wife's waist, and leads her to her seat at the head of the table.

"Hungry as a hunter," he observes; "and we shall have Caroline Carew here directly. It is a long time how I always felt she was alive, or rather I suppose I should call it strange for anyone else to believe her dead. And to think she should be thought to be buried, a funeral sermon preached over her, and that Hilda should believe herself

secure in the possession of Clovelly; how fortunate too, that I evaded and delayed giving up the papers and title deeds; we shall come upon her like a thunderclap, and have her at our mercy now."

"But perhaps she believed she was right," objected Sadie, always ready to take the losing side.

"She knew she was wrong, my dear," replied her husband, sternly, "and I suspect her of worse crimes than that of robbing her cousin of her property and position; but get on with your breakfast. I wonder how Amy is, neither your sister Miriam or Milly has written for the last three or four days. I hope the child is well."

"Wouldst thou like her to come home, dearest," asked his wife, gently; "thou knowest I love her as though she really were my own."

Her husband smiled at her flushed face, as he replied:

"No, my darling, she is far better where she is at present. She amuses the old ladies, and keeps them from missing you, as they otherwise would do; she affords Milly some occupation, and thus keeps her safe and quiet, and she would be sadly in the way here, especially as we hope to run off to the Continent, and enjoy our deferred honeymoon next month. Business has been very heavy upon me lately, and I shall be glad to get away from it."

"Poor old dear, I wish I could help you." And then there was a pause, for spooning as a kind of sauce for their breakfast, for I am compelled in the interests of truth to relate that no blushing bride of seventeen, or bridegroom of twenty, could be more demonstrative in showing their affection than this almost middle-aged couple were.

But love confines itself not to mere youth, and though the lawyer had once thought he could never love another woman as he had done his first wife, he found himself living his early hopes and dreams over again, with no diminution in their freshness or brightness.

They are interrupted by a loud knock and ring, and a few minutes after the entrance of a servant who came to announce:

"A lady to see you, sir."

"Show her into the library," was the reply.

Then kissing his wife, and telling her to remain where she was, and he would bring her niece in to see her, he went out to meet the daughter of his old client, Sir John Carew.

"Mr. Shrapnell, I am afraid you will think I have served you very badly," said Carrie Carew, with something like tears in her eyes, as she came forward and offered him her hand.

"Of course I do, but I have had some compensation; the pleasure of seeing you alive and well for instance, and also, through you I have won the dearest little wife that mortal man was ever blessed with, your own mother's sister."

"Yes, I heard something about it, but it bewildered me," and she passed her hand over her forehead; "I had no idea but that my mother died at my birth."

"Nor had I, till I went down to Tynemouth to try to hunt the matter up; but won't you come in and see my wife, we have not finished breakfast."

The girl hesitated.

"I have so much to say to you," she said.

"Of course you have, but remember my wife is your maternal aunt, she has lived with your mother ever since your father took you away, until she married me; she is longing to see you, she knows all about the matters you are interested in as well almost as I do; come, you shall see her first, and we will talk business afterwards."

So saying, reluctant though the girl evidently was, he led the way into the breakfast room, leaving her no option but to follow him.

One look at her new aunt's sweet, loving face, and Carrie impulsively bent down and kissed her.

"You must be like my mother," she said, the tears starting to her eyes, "and to think that until now I have never known you."

"Not half as like sister Cara as thou art, my dear," replied Sadie, her own eyes glistening; "thou art the very image of what thy mother must have been at thy age. Poor Cara, 'twill be good tidings of great joy for her to know that thou livest."

Carrie looked at her again, perhaps a little distrustfully. The quaint phraseology would have struck her as being affected but for the simplicity with which the words were uttered, and she was beginning to realise now, how, shut out and away from the world these three sisters had lived, knowing nothing, seeking nothing beyond their own circle of society and thought.

For Fred Monckton had the previous evening, according to the lawyer's instructions, prepared her for this visit by giving her a brief account of the inmates of Priory House, and how Willoughby Shrapnell had first found them.

I am afraid there was not much more breakfast

eaten, for soon after the party of three retired to the study again, and the master of the house asked:

"Now what account have you to give of yourself, young lady? Of course you know that you were drowned in the Thames on Christmas Eve, that a coroner's inquest was held upon you, and gave a verdict of 'temporary insanity,' that in your coffin you are lying on a shelf with the rest of the Carews in the family vault, that your dear cousin Hilda Kempson had used many pocket handkerchiefs in bewailing the loss of the 'best of cousins,' and that with all this circumstantial evidence against you, there may be some difficulty in even establishing your identity; it was moreover a cruel joke or deception to play upon your friends."

"Indeed, I was quite innocent in the matter," exclaimed Caroline, warmly, "and the very first I heard of my supposed death was from a Devonshire paper, which I picked up by accident one morning, and in which I read my own funeral sermon. It was rather an odd sensation, I can tell you. The text struck me, or I don't suppose I should have noticed it. 'The Golden Bowl is broken' I read, then I looked at it again, and by the time I had finished I was not quite certain whether I was alive and myself, or somebody else."

"It must have been very dreadful," said Sadie, with ready sympathy; "but how could such a frightful mistake have been made?"

"Easily enough, as you shall hear."

"You may as well begin at the beginning," remarked the lawyer, "and tell me why you threw up everything, and threw the whole game into your cousin's hands as you did. I was never more astonished in my life, particularly after your promise."

"I know I was to blame; but Hilda goaded me to madness that day."

"And the girl got on her feet impulsively, and walked a few steps shivering and trembling with agitation, as she remembered that last scene in the blue drawing-room."

"I should not have thought Hilda Kempson could have moved you or any other man or woman to this extent," said Mr. Shrapnell, with something like contempt in his tone.

"Perhaps not," replied the girl, resuming her seat, "but so much depends upon the frame of mind one is in when an additional shock comes. I had been frightfully shaken by poor papa's sudden death, and there was some one who professed to be very fond of me, and Hilda told me she had asked him to marry me and he refused, because I was not heiress of Clovelly Court, and she said she had tried to bribe him to do so. She showed me a letter which she said my father had written to hers, and said my parents had never been married. I did not believe her; but I felt I could not remain at the Court to be thus humiliated, and though I was convinced of its falsity, I could not disprove what Hilda said. I wonder indeed that I did not go mad that day; if I had not ran away from it all I am convinced I should have done so."

"And when you left the Court you reached London and took lodgings in Stamford Street; so far we traced you; also to your leaving Miss Thompson's; but what became of you then?" asked Willoughby Shrapnell.

"I will tell you. But did you hear that before I left Miss Thompson's I had a whole trunk full of clothing and other things stolen from me?"

"I think there was something said about a robbery, but no details were forthcoming."

"Then I had better give you them, as they will help to show you how the mistake about my having committed suicide arose."

"Pray do."

"There were living in the same house as that in which I rented a room in Stamford Street, three or four young women who were engaged in the ballet, or some minor position at a theatre close by—the Victoria, I think they call it."

"Yes."

"These girls were very noisy and badly-behaved, and the servant was always declaring she would not wait upon them, until at last Miss Thompson gave them notice to leave. Unaccustomed as I had been to travel alone I had not thought of the inconvenience a quantity of luggage would be, and as I could only get one room in that house I was glad to accept Miss Thompson's offer to let some of my boxes stand on the landing, which was a large one, outside my door."

"I see."

"I had slightly altered my name, not wishing to be sought after or recognised, and called myself 'Miss Carey,' so I particularly packed up in the boxes thus put aside, clothes, linen, and other things on which my real name was marked or written."

"Go on, I am beginning to understand the mistake now."

"I was anxious to hide myself to be able to seek

unobserved a man named Saunders who had been my father's confidential servant, and whose daughter I once remembered to have seen at the Court, where she came to beg for a sum of money on the plea of her father's services, and her visit made papa very angry, as he said he had provided handsomely for Saunders to the end of his days, had bought an annuity for him, and would do nothing more for him or any member of his family."

"All this came back to my mind as I sat brooding alone in that dingy lodging, thinking over my wretched position, and I made up my mind to find him."

"But why did you not come to me? I could have done it in half the time," said the lawyer.

"I can scarcely tell you. I felt so outraged by Hilda's conduct that I shrank from meeting the face of any one who knew me."

"Well?"

"I forgot to tell you that one of those actresses I spoke of was so like me, though older, that one day when I met her on the stairs I started back, almost wondering if my own reflection were coming towards me."

"Ah!" and Willoughby Shrapnell started to his feet and walked to the window. Perhaps to hide the expression of his face from the curious eyes of his wife and her niece.

"Don't let me interrupt you," he said, after a few minutes' pause; "it was this woman I suppose who stole your property?"

"Yes, she and the others with her; but I have always thought it was this poor creature who jumped into the river, and who, wearing my clothes and being so much like me, caused the mistake of which I confess I afterwards took advantage to disguise myself and hunt out the information I wanted without being known or recognised."

"But how did you elude the detectives?"

"Easily enough: I went to lodge in the house of a policeman. Miss Thompson's servant was engaged to one. I had money enough to be able to help them. I took them partly into my confidence, and they served me faithfully. I only left them yesterday, when I resumed my natural colour and appearance."

"But Lady Mary Monckton knew of your being alive?"

"Yes, I went to her the day after I discovered that the contents of two of my boxes had been stolen, but I made her promise absolute secrecy, and she kept her word. But there she is I believe at the door, and I have not half finished my story."

"And I have not begun mine," laughed the lawyer, as the servant knocked at the door and announced: "Mr. Monckton."

(To be Continued.)

A SCOTCH COLONY IN RUSSIA.

In a recent work on Russia, mention is made of a tract of country, hitherto unknown to Anglo-Saxons, called Shotlandskaya Kolonia (the Scotch colony). Many years ago certain Scotch missionaries founded a colony in the Caucasus, and their descendants developed into doughty Circassians, speaking the Circassian dialect, and occasionally broad Scotch whenever chance brought them into contact with a wanderer from North Britain. This, of course, does not often happen, but it did on a recent occasion.

Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, of the Russian Geographical Society, being desirous of obtaining some information concerning this Scotch colony, which he found marked down on the map of Russia, travelled thither and solicited information from one of the principal inhabitants on this subject, explaining that he was a Scotchman and hoped to learn something about the descendants of his countrymen. Great was his surprise to be greeted in broad Scotch: "Od, man, I'm a Scotchman, tae!" exclaimed the Circassian to his interlocutor.

It turned out, however, that the Circassian-Scotchman was more Circassian than Scotchman, his claim to Scotch nationality being founded on the fact that he had been brought up by the Scotch missionaries who had settled in that part of Caucasus in the reign of Emperor Alexander I. The colony was, however, suppressed in 1835 by the Emperor Nicholas, who probably found that his Scotch-Circassians were rather obstinate and unmanageable, and not inclined to the proper degrees of subservience which the Czar doubtless thought to be the first duty of a Russian Circassian-Scotchman.

GAY LUSSEAC, the great French physiologist and chemist, was born in 1778, and his centenary will be celebrated by a festival and the erection of a statue either in Limoges or Paris.

HIS EVIL GENIUS.

CHAPTER LXI.

I HAD prepared a very polite note for the virtuous Miss Blobb, requesting permission to wait upon her and Miss De Lornie with the last news, and—I am almost afraid my pen had so far availed itself of a poetic licence as to write message for the latter from her parents, whom I had left only quite recently at Paris.

This I tendered with my card to the man, who, after some considerable delay, answered my ring at the door.

He seemed a surly sort of fellow, and having very deliberately spelt through the direction on my note and my name on my card carefully through, returned them to me, explaining in Italian that Signora Blobb, and the Signorina with her, had both departed from Pisa.

He would have shut the door without further parley had I not luckily stuck my foot against it to prevent him.

"When had they gone?" I inquired, in the best apology of the language I could manage.

"Ten days since."

"Where? Had they left any address?" were the next questions, which I did my best to convey to him.

He only gave me to understand in reply that he either could not or would not tell me, with a shrug which made me almost wonder that he did not dislocate his collar bones.

Then he turned and called to some one within. For a moment I fancied that it was for assistance in shutting the door against me, for I still kept my foot firmly against it; but it proved to be his wife, a very skinny, rather shrewish-looking Englishwoman.

As soon as she recognised me as a compatriot, and heard for whom I was inquiring, she pushed the surly fellow on one side, who retired grumbling, and gave quite a pleasant smile, at least though not very successful, I felt sure that it was meant to be very pleasant.

She invited me in, to what I felt honoured in perceiving to be her own private apartment, a very small chamber under the stairs, heated to within a very few degrees of asphyxiation by a brazier of charcoal burning in one corner.

Begging me to be seated upon the only available chair which appeared to be unencumbered by either some specimen of dress, furniture, or ornament, and which I contrived to edge as near the door as possible, and with a feeble apology for the accommodation, by way of preliminary, Madame Theodoro Croskanski (née Sniggers, as she took particular pains to impress upon me) proceeded forthwith to favour me with her own family history from its earliest dates.

When she had concluded I begged her to favour me with some particulars about her late mistress, the chaste Miss Blobb, and her charge, Miss De Lornie, whom, feeling that there was no exact need of more detailed explanation, I ventured to describe as a near connection of my own, in whom I was much interested.

Madame Croskanski sprang up from the foot of her bed, upon which she had been all this time sitting with that easy negligence which bespeaks familiarity with the best of good breeding; she slapped one clenched fist into the palm of her other hand, and with a most unmistakable wink and a whistle, she cried:

"You're never Mr. Frank Lambard, sir, are you?"

I could of course but plead guilty to the impeachment, and ask her what she knew or had ever heard about me. She laughed a shrill laugh of derision at my simple question.

"Haden't she just heard about me? She should think she had, indeed. Haden't her late missus, Miss Blobb, received letter after letter, and warning after warning, from Miss D.'s mamma, that if ever Mr. Frank Lambard should by chance turn up, he was to be driven off and never admitted even to set eyes upon Miss Catharine, not at no price—oh, no. Haden't Miss Blobb received whole pages full of instructions of how Mr. Lambard was to be constantly runned down, and reported to be married, and otherwise practically effaced from the memory and affections of the young lady? Leastways, wasn't them the chief tendencies of the letters, as repeated by Miss Blobb herself?"

The ci-devant Abigail had, I fancy, caught herself in a slip in owning her intimate acquaintance with the contents of my worthy aunt's letters, and tried to explain that her late mistress had been in the habit of requesting her to read her correspondence

for her, her own eyesight failing her; and even confidentially inviting her comments and advice upon the same.

Miss Blobb was, as far as I could gather, a spinster of great zeal and experience in all matters of theological controversy.

One morning there had arrived by post a newspaper—she particularly remembered the occasion, because it was the first day, and happened to be the immediate cause of her new husband showing what a Polar bear he really was, for upon opening the paper to iron it before it went upstairs, he had remarked most ill-naturedly upon a particular marriage in it being underlined and marked out with a cross, which he declared to be illegal, and had seriously talked of denouncing to the police. Though he was her husband, hadn't she good private reasons for her belief that he was nothing more nor less than an Austrian spy.

But to go on with her story about the paper.

Besides the announcement thus illegally marked out for special notice, was there not, to be sure, in the same journal a whole column devoted to the description of the ceremony, and full particulars of some English young lady who had been lately received into the church of Rome, and then taken the veil with all sorts of public pomp.

That wasn't she, Mary Anne, or, as she was now, Ursulina Croskanski, satisfied in feeling certain that that was the actual turning point of Miss De Lornie's mind. "Wasn't I, then, a standing behind her, a doing of her back hair, as Miss Blobb was a reading out to her from the sofa by the fire-side? and didn't I notice a bright flush of excitement and religious devotion come all of a sudden over her pretty face, which actually made me myself tingle all over with them religious feelings which are quite indescribable, though easily recognised when in play? As I stood there a watching her countenance in the glass over the back of the head, couldn't I read as plainly all that was passing through her thoughts as if it had been printed there in letters of gold? 'Oh, Sniggers,' says she, 'don't pull my hair out by the roots'; and then a gentle sigh escaped her, and didn't she say, quite softly, to herself: 'Oh! that must be peace—that must be the only way to find true happiness in this world of trouble!' Miss Blobb wasn't the one to let such a chance go by, I promise you, and that very same day—I make no doubt, indeed I may confess that I know for certain that they came to a mutual confession of their religious sentiments, and an open understanding in the matter—was I therefore the least bit surprised when, within a week, Father Mummery, the English monsignore, came by Miss Blobb's invitation—for didn't I happen to see the note!—to receive the dear young lady's first confession. Why, wasn't he himself an archdeacon, or a churchwarden, or some such high dignitary in our, that is, your, English Protestant church not very long ago as I have heard tell."

"Bless me!" said I, "is that the English priest who called here, and came into this house about ten o'clock this morning?"

The woman looked mystified, and declared that no priest had been there to her knowledge; and that nobody could have come in unless admitted by her husband, or, what was more, without having been seen going upstairs by herself.

I knew better, for I had watched him in, and had seen the door closed again after his admittance; but I let the matter pass for the moment, while I inquired more particularly as to the exact time of departure and destination of Miss Blobb and her charge after the important step which she had thus taken.

"Wasn't it just ten days since?" was the question I received in reply. "Of course it was, the very next day after the arrival of that letter from Miss Catharine's mamma, announcing your (Mr. Lambard's) engagement and intended marriage to a lady of high rank and great wealth at Venice, I think she said. What! ain't you married then, or ain't you going to be? Well, for goodness gracious sake, sir, don't break my furniture!" she screamed out as, springing up violently, my chair fell back with a crash, and I brought my fist down upon her rickety little table hard enough to shiver it to atoms. "Well, to be sure! Didn't we not only hear it, but didn't I see it with my own eyes? for I happened quite by accident to find the letter lying straight open before my very nose in one of my young lady's drawers when I was a putting her things to rights, and hadn't my eyes actually taken it in, before my mind knew what they was about—indeed, I may say that I had got over to the other side before I had made sure that it was not a washing-bill which Miss Blobb had desired me to look over. At any rate, there it was, and if I cannot tell you now the very words, I remember leastways the main sense of them, for they made, you see, a deep impression upon me.

"An old acquaintance, Frank Lambard," it said, 'is not turning out well,' or something to that effect. 'He behaves undutifully and ungratefully to his poor widowed mother, and now insists upon going off, we have, alas! too much reason to fear, to carry out his unhappy engagement with an Italian countess at Venice (or Vienna was it, sir? I am not quite sure), who, though reported to be very rich and very beautiful, is not likely to have received that education, or to be imbued with those high and pure principles of morality which can, after all, alone conduce to an English husband's true happiness.'

"Wasn't she already biased, as I tell you before, by Miss Blobb? But wasn't that news—as I knew well, although she showed little or no sign—the real clench? Wasn't their passports got for them by special interest that same Monday evening as was? or how was it that the very next day, being Tuesday, they were able to set out straight away for Rome? Isn't it now my firm belief that the poor dear young lady is gone to take the veil at once and for ever, as in course she'll find it to be? and didn't my late missus dismiss me at a moment's notice on the score of my having been and gone and got married, which wasn't it all her own doing quite as much as mine? and the only thing I want to know now is what that precious Miss Blobb and Father Homman, besides the reward which a virtuous action always brings of itself, expects to make for themselves by the transaction?"

"I don't see exactly how they can hope to do that," I rejoined, almost mechanically, for I felt nearly stupefied by the audacious iniquity of the intrigue of which poor darling Katie and I had been thus made victims. "Did you ever happen to overhear anything which could give rise to any such notion?"

Madame Croskanski shook her head slowly, but significantly.

"Can you think it odd that I never happened to hear much myself?" she continued; "and because, why?—because didn't they always take such good care to talk together in nothing but Italian—which I don't understand except when spoke very slowly—whenever I was anywhere about? But when my precious husband, Croskanski, was on the box of the carriage in which they—that is, I mean, Miss Blobb and the monsignore—used to drive out together sometimes, didn't they always talk in plain English, thinking him to be an Italian, just as wasn't I silly enough to believe, and supposing that he talks nothing but Italian. But bless your heart! can't that man talk English just as well as you or I do; German, French, High Dutch or Low, it's all just the same to him: but isn't he too deep to let that gift of tongues of his be generally known. And didn't he, before I found out what a Polar bear he really was, repeat to me some of the plots and plans he had overheard as to the prospects and property of the lady, openly talked over and arranged between that precious pair while he was perched up on the box there above them, as mum as a mouse, pretending to be quite unconscious, and wholly occupied in observing the manners and customs of them long-legged camelopards and other curious beasts of prey which the Grand Duke has got there in his farm at the end of the Cascini. Oh, he's a deep bear, I can tell you, sir, besides being a regular Polar one; and didn't he distinctly hear them discussing and settling about what money and fortune Miss Catharine had of her own rights—leastways through her own mamma's rights—which was dead, and how she would have whatever she was to have entirely in her own power as soon as she came of age."

They had not given up the occupation of the apartments, indeed had left much of their property there, which showed an intention at least of returning some time or another, though for her part Madame Croskanski was prepared not to be surprised should they never do so, having her own reasons for expecting the particular result, which she had mentioned, to the present expedition. This she told me confidentially, and then offered me to go up and see the rooms if I pleased to do so.

It was not so much sentiment on my part this time that induced me to avail myself of her offer as a presentiment which had suggested itself to my mind that I should find that sleek-looking priest still up there.

The key was not where it ought to be. The shrew began to rail at her lord and master, who all this time had made himself scarce, for having mislaid or concealed it.

"But I have my master-key," she said, which will do, even if we don't find the regular one stuck in the door."

"Why, isn't there some one in here?" was her next shrill interrogative exclamation, as leading the way she had flung open the door of the inner room—"Pray, sir, who the dickens are you, then?"

There, sure enough, sat comfortably at the table facing her, my ecclesiastical fellow-traveller of the morning. With a large drawer full of letters and papers on a chair by his side, and a writing desk, which I instantly recognised as poor Katie's private property, open before him, he was evidently occupied in making a regular inspection of its contents, which, as far as one could judge in the hasty glance of the moment, he was systematically arranging and docketing.

He appeared, as well he might, somewhat startled by our abrupt entrance, and either not at first recognising me, as I stood behind in the shade of the doorway, or perhaps in the confusion of the first moment, forgetful of the ruse which he had tried on in our morning encounter of ignoring his own language, he spoke up with an assumed air of great dignity, but most undoubted English:

"What do you want here? Pray what can you mean by this unwarrantable intrusion?"

"Not a bad accent that for a foreigner," said I, stepping forward, and the face of the fellow set me off laughing, for I saw that he had detected his own slip, before he had even reached the end of his sentence. But my companion had in the meantime taken up the cudgel, as screaming at the top of her shrillest voice she went in at him with her questions tooth and nail.

"Intrusion, did you say? Who is intruding but yourself? How came you here, turning out all my missus's and young missus's boxes, and desks, and drawers in this audacious manner? Haven't all these things been left under my special care? But how did you get in? What is this but a regular case of downright burglary? And then, do you dare try to face me and this gentleman, who is—who I should like to know, if he isn't—the lady's own first cousin and nearest relation, with an impudent accusation of intrusion, why, who the dickens are you, I say—and what do you mean by it?"

"Mr. Lambard is quite aware that he is not the cousin, or any relation to either of the ladies, late tenants of these apartments, and can have no manner of right or business here," replied the priest, after a pause, and now trying to carry it off by speaking broken English. "I happen to know more about that gentleman and his antecedents than he perhaps imagines," he added, looking anything but amiably at myself.

"Have you found any of his letters or correspondence among the lot you have been rummaging out there?" inquired the Abigail, rather sharply, having recovered her breath for more questions. "But how did you get in here? and how long have you been here? Isn't that what I have a right to know? as these apartments are left specially under my charge."

With a sort of insolent dignity he handed to us an open letter signed by Araminta Blobb, coming round from the other side of the table to do so.

"Here is my written authority," he said; "these keys," rattling a small bunch, "have been entrusted to my care by the ladies to whom they belong, and who have commissioned me with the entire arrangement and packing up of their papers, valuables, and other property, as they probably will not be returning to Pisa. And by this key," to which he pointed, as it lay on a corner of the table, "I obtained my entrance, upon showing that letter which you have in your hand to the servant of the house, who admitted me this morning; if he did not remember or think it worth while to communicate these simple facts to his wife—"

"How do you know that?" she inquired.

"Or to any stranger who may come here to pass himself off as a relation to the owner of this apartment, that is no business of mine. Good morning, sir; good morning, Madame Croskanski; I am, as you may perceive, very busy, and rather pressed for time."

And I am hanged if the oily rascal did not bow us both out of the door, which he politely held open, and then we heard him lock it on the inside upon us, before we knew what to reply.

He certainly so far had the advantage on his side that I of course felt that I had no shadow of legal right to interfere.

"Well, did you ever?" was the last unanswerable question put to me by Madame Croskanski, as we descended the stairs together, looking perhaps rather foolish at one another.

(To be Continued.)

COLOUR BLINDNESS AMONG RAILWAY SERVANTS.

IN a recent article on the subject of colour blindness, it was shown how this infirmity, when affecting railroad employees, might become a source of public danger, inasmuch as it frequently prevents

the person affected distinguishing the difference between a red and green signal light. From actual examination of railroad men, it would appear that cases of colour blindness are by no means rare, but on the contrary, are somewhat frequent. Among the employees of a Russian line in Finland, Dr. Kohn recently found 43 persons to whom the red and green light appeared precisely alike. In Sweden and Hungary similar experiments have also recently been conducted. On one Swedish line, ten per cent. of the employees confounded red, green, and white lights. In Hungary, on the other hand, but one person out of 400 was found totally colour blind, while three per cent. of the remainder were more or less affected.

THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

CHAPTER XX.

In the train Josey was all life and giggle and could scarcely keep still a moment, but turned and twisted, and tossed her head, and coquetted with the doctor, who, with his arm on the seat behind her, and half encircling her, bent over her and said his soft nothings, and looked into her beaming face in the most lover-like manner.

Josephine saw nothing familiar in the outstretched form, and never dreamed who it was lying there so near to her and watching all she did. So many had left and so few taken their places that not more than half the seats were occupied, and those in the immediate vicinity of Josey and the doctor were quite vacant, so the young lady felt perfectly free to act out her real nature without restraint; and she did not it to the full, laughing and flirting, and jesting and jumping, just as Everard had seen her do many a time, and thought it charming and delightful.

Now it was simply revolting and immodest, and he glared at her from under his hat, with no feeling of jealousy in his heart, but disgusted and sorry beyond all power of description that she was his wife.

Rossie had stood boldly up before him and asked him to marry her, but in her innocent face there was no look like this on Josey's—this look of recklessness and passion which showed so plainly even in the dimness.

At last something which the doctor said, and which Everard could not understand, elicited from her the exclamation:

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, and I a married woman?"

"The more's the pity," the doctor replied, with an expression on his face which had Everard cared for or even respected the woman before him, would have prompted him to knock the rascal down. "The more's the pity—for me, at least. I've called myself an idiot a thousand times for having cut off my nose to spite my face."

"What do you mean?" Josey asked, and he replied:

"Oh, nothing; only, can't you get a divorce? I don't believe he cares twopence for you."

"I know he don't," and Josey shrugged her shoulders significantly; "but so long as he keeps me in money I can stand it."

"And does he do that pretty well nowadays?"

"Yes, so-so; he is awfully afraid of his father, though, and I do not blame him. Such an old curmudgeon. I saw him last summer, you know."

"You did. Where?"

"Why, at college, at Commencement. I went to the mayor's reception and made Everard introduce me, and tried my best to captivate the old muff, but it was of no use; he took a dreadful dislike to me, and expressed himself freely to his son, who reported to me."

"The mean coward to do that," the doctor exclaimed, and Josephine replied: "No, not mean at all. I made him tell me just what his father said. I gave him no peace till he did, for I wanted the truth, so as to know just how far to press my claim to recognition, and I just made up my mind that my best plan was to keep quiet a while and let matters adjust themselves. Maybe the old man will die; he looked apoplectic as if he might go off in some of his fits of temper, and then, says I, won't I make the money fly, for no power on earth shall keep me from the Forrest House then."

"And you'll ride over everybody, I dare say," the doctor suggested, and she answered him: "You bet your head on that," the slang dropping from her pretty lips as easily and naturally as if they were accustomed to it, as indeed they were.

"Is Everard greatly improved?" was the next question, and Josephine replied: "Some would think so, perhaps, but I look upon him as a perfect milkop. I don't believe I'd fall in love with him now," and her nose wrinkled up as it always did when she wished to express contempt. "Why, he is just as quiet and solemn as a graveyard; never laughs, nor jokes, nor smokes, nor anything; he is fine-looking, though, and I expect to be very proud of him when I am really his wife."

"Which you never shall be, so help me Heaven," was Everard's mental ejaculation as he ground his teeth together.

He had made up his mind, and neither Bee nor any one else could change it. That woman, coquetting so heartily with another man and talking thus of him, should never even be asked to share his poverty as he had intended doing. He would never voluntarily go into her presence again. He would return to Rotheray, tell his story to Bee and see what he could do to help Rossie, and then go to work like a dog for money with which to keep his leech quiet.

And when the day came, as come it must, when his secret was known, there should be a separation of some kind, for live with her a single hour he would not. This was his decision, and he only waited for the train to stop in order to escape from her hateful presence. But it was an express and went speeding on, while the two in front of him kept up their conversation, which turned at last on Rosamond, the doctor asking, "if that girl who cut off her hair to pay Joe Fleming still lived at the Forrest House."

Josephine supposed so, though she had heard nothing of her lately.

"Why, she must be nearly sixteen," she said. "Maybe Ned will fall in love with her."

When Beatrice called him by the old boy name Ned, Everard rather liked it, but hearing it from Josephine simply made him angry, and he clenched his fists and listened very closely now as the conversation flowed on, Dr. Matthews asking Josephine what disposition she intended to make of Rosamond when she was mistress of Forrest House.

"That all depends," Josephine replied, with her favourite shrug. "If there is nothing objectionable in her she can stay; if she proves troublesome, she will go."

Oh, how Everard longed to shriek out that the girl who, if she proved troublesome, was to go from Forrest House, was the mistress there, with a right to dictate as to who would go or stay; but he dared not, for that would be to betray himself; so he kept quiet, while Josey, growing tired and sleepy, began to nod her golden head, which drooped lower and lower, until it rested on the shoulder of Dr. Matthews, whose arm encircled the sleeping girl and adjusted the shawl about her, for it was growing cold and damp.

"I believe he is more than half in love with her himself, her style suits him. Oh, if he could take her off my hands, I'd give him half my fortune!" Everard thought, remembering instantly, with a bitter pang, that he had no fortune to give.

Just then they stopped at a way station, and, taking his valise, all the luggage he had, Everard left the train, which after a moment went whirling on, leaving him standing on the platform alone in the November darkness.

There was a little hotel near by, where he passed a few hours, until the up train came along and carried him swiftly back in the direction of Rotheray and home, feeling much happier than when travelling the other way. The great horror and dread, he did not know of what, was gone, and he breathed free again. He had settled it for ever with regard to Josephine.

Support her he should, but live with her, never for one single moment, and I think his heart bounded a little because he was going back to Beatrice and Rossie. Ah, Rossie! how many times he thought of her as she looked standing before him with that sweet pleading expression on her face, and that musical ring in her voice, as she asked to be his wife. How her eyes haunted him—those brilliant black eyes, so full of truth, and womanly softness and delicacy.

He could see them now as they had confronted him, fearlessly, innocently, at first, but changing in their expression as the sense of what she had done began to dawn upon her, and bring the blushes of shame to her tear-stained face.

"Dear little Rossie!" he thought; "if I were free I believe I'd say yes—not for the money, but for all she will be when she gets older." And then there crept over him again an undefinable sense of something lost, such as he had felt when Rossie said to him, "I would not marry you now for a thousand times the money."

Of course she would not marry him, nor would he marry her, if he could—a child, whom he had always regarded as a sister.

The thing was preposterous; and yet he wished she had not asserted so strongly that she did not love him, and never could, and would not marry him for a thousand times the money.

He was growing greatly interested in Rossie, and found himself very impatient during the last few hours of his journey. What had been done in his absence, he wondered, and was she more reconciled to the fortune which had been thrust upon her, and how would she receive him, and how would she look?

She was not handsome, he knew, and yet the face which had looked at him so earnestly was very, very sweet, with an attractiveness about it better than mere doliish beauty like that he left sleeping on Dr. Matthews's shoulder in the train.

The eyes were beautiful, and so was the wavy, nut-brown hair, which she wore so becomingly on her neck, and at the thought of that hair there came a great lump in Everard's throat as he remembered the sacrifice the unselfish girl had made for him two years before.

"In all the world there is no one quite like Rossie," he said to himself, and felt his heart beat faster with a thrill of anticipation as the train neared Rotheray and stopped at last at the station.

Taking his valise, which was not heavy, he started at once for the Forrest House, which he reached just as it was growing dark, and the gas was lighted in the dining-room.

His first impulse was to ring like any stranger at a door not his own, but thinking to himself, "I will not wound her unnecessarily," he walked into the hall, and, depositing his satchel and hat upon the rack, went to the dining-room, the door of which was ajar, so that the first object which met his view as he entered was Rossie standing under the chandelier, but so transformed from what she was when he last saw her, that he stood for an instant looking at her, and wondering what she had done to herself.

She had done very little, but the little had changed her materially, and instead of a child in short frock, frills, and white aprons, and loose flowing hair, he found a young woman in long black dress and linen collar and cuffs, with her hair twisted into a large, flat coil, and fastened with a comb.

The morning after Everard's departure Rossie had gone with Beatrice to her dressmakers to order a black dress, which she needed for the autumn. Cashmere was the material chosen, though Rossie's preference was for alpaca, as being much less expensive, but Beatrice overruled her, and selecting a fine soft fabric, asked Rossie how it should be made, and if she would have it just to the top of her boots, as she usually wore her dresses, or a little longer.

"Oh, longer; quite to the floor, like yours," Rossie said. "I am through with short clothes, now," and she insisted upon carrying her point. "You see," she said to Beatrice, "I feel so old since I did that shameful thing, that for me to dress like a child would be as absurd as for you to do it. I am not a child. I am at least a hundred years old, and then, you know, it would never do for an heiress to be dressed like a little girl. How could I discuss business with my lawyer in short clothes and buns," and she laughed hysterically as she tried to force back her tears.

She had become convinced that for a few years she must submit to be the nominal owner at least of the Forrest property, and she had made up her mind to certain things from which she could not be turned.

One was long dresses, and she carried her point, and gave orders concerning some minor details with a quiet determination which astonished Bee, who had hitherto found her the most pliable and yielding of girls.

The dress had been sent home on the very afternoon of Everard's arrival, and without a thought of his coming, Rossie shut herself in her room, and began the work of transformation, first by twisting up her flowing hair, which added, she thought, at least two years to her appearance, though she did not quite like the effect, it was so unlike herself.

But the long, soft dress with its close-fitting basque and pretty overskirt, was a success, and she was pleased with herself in it, especially after she

had added the collar and cuffs; she liked the sound of the trailing skirt on the carpet, and looked at herself in the glass more than she had ever done before in her life at one time, and felt quite satisfied with the tout ensemble when she at last went down to the dining-room, where her simple supper of bread and butter and tea was laid for her, and where Aunt Axie held up her hands in wonder at the change.

"For the dear Lord's sake, what has de chile been doin' to transmogrify her so?" she exclaimed. "Well, I never, ef de detail of her gown ain't moppin' de flo' like Miss Beatrice, and you not woman growd. What has you done it for?"

"Because, Aunt Axie," Rosamond answered, laughingly, as she laid her hand caressingly on the old woman's arm, "I can order you round better if I have on a long dress than I could in a short one, and you know they will insist that I am mistress now."

"Yes, honey, I 'gins to understand; de folk think you no 'count, an' like 'nough sass you wend yer close up to yer knees, an' de long gown is mighty becomin'." I think. You look young woman, eh. I wish Mas'r Everard see you now. M-buy it set somethin' knockin' in his heart, an' I do so want him to live here jes' de same. You allus like Mas'r Everard a heap," and Aunt Axie looked curiously at Rosamond, who, knowing perfectly well what she meant, coloured scarlet as she remembered the scene in Judge Forrest's room, which she wished so much had never been.

"Yes, I like Mr. Everard very much," she said, "but not in the way you mean, and you must never hint such a thing to him; it would make me very angry to know you did."

"Yes, miss, but ef I's not mistaken he'll think it hisself, see ef he don't; an' ef he do, don't you go for to tell him no. That ain't many young men like Mas'r Everard, an' dis house be mighty lonely wid him gone away for good, I can tell you."

There was a call for Aunt Axie from the kitchen, and she went out, leaving Rosamond alone with her last words ringing in her ears:

"Mighty lonesome with Mas'r Everard gone away for good."

Yes, it would be lonesome, for during the last three or four days of his absence the house had been dreary and desolate, and more than once forgetting that he was gone, she had caught herself listening for his footsteps in the hall or upon the stairs.

She had been accustomed to his absence, it is true, and very happy without him, but he had been so much to her since his return from college, and had filled the house so full of life and sunshine that it would be doubly forlorn to lose him now, especially as the judge was dead and gone.

She could never look at him or talk to him easily and naturally as she used to do, but it would be a satisfaction to have him there, even if she only saw him at meal times, she thought, and she was wondering where he had gone, and when he would return, when the door in the hall opened, and he was there before her.

For a moment she stood regarding him just as he was studying her; then, forgetting everything except that he was there once more, she went forward to meet him, and giving him both her hands, while a beautiful flush dyed her cheeks, said to him:

"I am so glad you have come back; it was so lonesome here, and I was just thinking about you."

Her greeting was such as a sister's might have been, but it was so much more cordial than Everard had expected that it made him very happy, and he kept her hands in his until she drew them away with a sudden wrench, and stepping back from him, put on the dignity she had for a moment dropped.

But the action became her and her long dress, and Everard looked closely and admiringly at her, puzzled to know just what it was which had changed her so much.

He guessed that she was thinking of that scene in his father's room, but he meant to ignore it altogether, and, if possible, put her on her old familiar footing with himself; so, looking at her from head to foot, he said:

"What is it, Roscoe? What have you done to yourself? Picked down your gown, or what, that you seem so much taller and grander every way, quite like Bee, in fact? Yes, you have got on a train, sure as guns, and your hair up in a comb; that part I don't like; the other change is rather becoming, but I'd rather see you so," and playfully pulling the comb from her head, he let the wavy hair fall in heavy, curling masses upon her neck and shoulders. "There, that's better; it gives me little Roscoe again, and I do not wish to lose my sister."

He was trying to reassure her, and she knew it,

and was very grateful to him for the kindness, and let herself thaw out, and said, laughingly, that she put up her hair because she thought it suited the long dresses which she meant to wear now that she was a woman of business, but if he liked it in her neck it should be worn so; and then she asked him of his journey, and if he was not cold, and tired, and hungry.

"Tired? No; but cold as a frog and hungry as a bear. What have we for dinner?" And he turned to inspect the little round table laid for one. "Nothing but toast and tea. Why that would starve a cat. Did you dine in the middle of the day?"

Rosamond coloured painfully, but answered: "I had lunch, as usual. I was not hungry. I am never hungry now, and just have tea at night."

"Roscoe," and Everard laid both hands on her shoulders, and looked her squarely in the eyes, "Roscoe, are you practising economy, so as not to use the money you wrongfully think belongs to me?"

He had divined her motive, for it was just that and nothing else—the fear of using the Forrest money needlessly, which was beginning to rule her life, and had prompted her to omit the usual dinner, the most expensive meal of the day, and have, instead, plain bread and butter, or toast and tea, and Everard read the truth in her tell-tale face, and said:

"That will never do, and will displease me very much. I want you to live as you ought, and as becomes the mistress of the place; besides that, if it is on my account you are trying the bread-and-water system, I am here now and hungry as a fish, so you can indulge for once and order on everything there is."

There was not much, but a slice of cold ham was found, and some cheese and jam, and jelly and pickles, and Axie made a delicious cup of coffee and brought more bread and butter, and offered to bake him a cake if he would wait for it; but he would not; he was too nearly starved to wait for cakes, he said, and he took his father's place at the table, and was conscious of a great degree of comfort in and satisfaction with his surroundings, especially the sight of the young girl who sat opposite to him and poured his coffee, and once or twice laughed heartily at some of his funny remarks. He seemed in excellent spirits, and though much of it was forced for Roscoe's sake, he really was happier than he had been since his father's death. His future, so far as Josephine was concerned, was settled.

He should never attempt to live with her now; there could be no question of duty about it, and he was so glad to be relieved that poverty and disinherence seemed very trifling matters.

He should work and earn money and send it to Holburton and keep the young lady quiet as long as possible, and then, when the worst came and the thing must be known, he'd get a separation, or perhaps a divorce, and so be free at last.

Free! How his pulse bounded at the very thought, while following close upon it was the memory of the words, "I would not marry you now for a thousand times the money," though why should he think of that and experience a little disagreeable sensation in the thought he could not tell.

The girl who had said so to him was there with him, sweet, dignified, and womanly, but so unlike the little Roscoe that he hardly knew her in her new character, which, nevertheless, suited well the heiress of Forrest House.

All the evening he sat with her and piled the wood upon the fire until the flames leaped merrily up the chimney, and infused a general warmth through the large room.

And Rosamond enjoyed it thoroughly because it was done for him. She would never have added a single superfluous chip for herself, lest it should diminish what was one day to go back to him; but for him she would almost have burned the house itself and felt she was doing her duty.

The next morning he spent with Beatrice, who was surprised to see him back so soon, and to whom he told the story of the midnight ride.

After seeing and hearing all I did, I cannot ask her to live with me lest she should consent, and such a living together would be an open violation of Heaven's law—a terrible sin," he said, and Beatrice could not dispute him or find it in her heart to say a word in Josephine's defence, except that "she perhaps owed what she was wholly to her training, or rather want of it; there might be some innate delicacy and good in her after all, if only one could find it."

"But I do not choose to search for it," was Everard's reply, and then the conversation drifted away from Josephine to Everard's future.

What did he propose to do, and where was he going, or would he remain in Rothsay? A few days ago Everard would have answered promptly, "No, any where but here in the place so full of unpleasant memories;" but now things had somehow changed. That coming home the previous night; that bright fire on the hearth, and more than all the sweet young face on which the firelight shone, and the bright eyes which had looked so modestly at him had produced a strange effect on Everard and made him loth to leave Rothsay and go away from the shadowy firelight and the young girl with the new character upon her face and in her every action.

He might have left the child Roscoe in the hands of Beatrice and Lawyer Russell, knowing she would be well cared for, but to leave Rosamond—Miss Hastings—was quite another thing, and when Bee questioned him of his intentions, he hesitated a moment and was glad when in her usual impetuous, helpful way, she said:

"Let me advise you before you decide. I saw Lawyer Russell in your absence, and had a long talk with him, and he thinks, and so do I, that the best thing that you can do is to stay in the office where you are, and accept the guardianship of Roscoe and the administration of the estate. That will bring you some money which you certainly can have no scruples in taking as it will be honestly earned, and must go to some one. You can still go on with your study of law and write your essays and reviews and so have plenty of means to satisfy Josephine, if money will do it. I do not suppose you will live at the Forrest House; that might not be best; but you will be in the village near by, and can have a general oversight of Roscoe herself as well as her affairs. What do you think of my plan?"

"It sounds well as you put it," Everard answered, "but perhaps Rosamond may choose some one else for guardian, Lawyer Russell, for instance; that would be natural."

"Nonsense! I've sounded her, too, on the subject," Bee said. "Sounded her rather cautiously, of course, because I was not sure what you might do about Josephine, and I am certain she will be only too happy to do anything by which a part of the money can come to you at once; so, do not let any foolish pride stand between you and a real good."

The idea of remaining at Rothsay and having an oversight of Rosamond was not distasteful to the young man. Nay, I almost think, that though he did not know it himself he would have sacrificed a good deal of pride for the sake of seeing Roscoe every day, and so he promised to consider the matter if the offer were made to him.

Then, by way of diverting his mind and making him laugh, Bee told him of another temperance crusade in which she had joined, and which had not been so successful as the first.

Shortly afterwards he took his leave, and went at once to his father's office, where he found Lawyer Russell, who made to him the same suggestion with regard to the guardianship and administration of the estate which Beatrice had done.

(To be Continued.)

THE SECRET MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

"ISABEL," said Squire Thorpe, as his daughter entered the room in obedience to his summons, "I have just had a letter from Paul. He will be here to-morrow. Now, I want you to lay aside all your coquetry and silly scruples, and prepare for a speedy marriage. It must be as early as the twenty-first."

A visible pallor overspread Isabel's face, and there was a beseeching expression in her eyes as she encountered that resolute look.

"Why will you urge this hateful thing, father? Paul does not wish it—he cannot, for he must know that he has no love for me such as he should feel for his wife."

"He does wish it, for he says so in this letter; so you have not that excuse to cover the real cause for this reluctance—your love for an adventurer, who has doubtless ere this forgotten your very existence. Deny it, if you will, it is your only reason for this refusal."

"That is not the only reason, father, though it should be enough for you to know that I have no heart to give him. There is another, which makes it an impossibility—nay, the thought of it guilt!"

As Isabel said this, a shudder convulsed her frame, and sinking upon a seat, she hid her face in her hands.

Rising from his seat, Squire Thorpe laid a heavy hand on her shoulder.



[THE DEPARTURE]

"Girl, what is the meaning of this? Three times during the past year has your marriage-day been fixed, and as many times, as it approached, have I been greeted by the same tears and entreaties, and dark hints and insinuations. Now you say that there is guilt in the very thought. Is this mere acting, to win me from my purpose, or has it a deeper meaning? Answer me—what is the meaning that you cannot marry Paul Denning?"

As Isabel raised her head, pale as was her face, she looked as though despair had lent her a sort of desperate courage.

"If you must—if you will know," she said, "it is because I am already married!"

Had a bomb-shell burst at the feet of the old man he could not have started with a look of greater horror and astonishment.

"Married!" he repeated—"already married!"

"Yes," returned Isabel, with the same desperate air; "you may as well know it now as any time. I was secretly married to Robert Ainslie three months before he went away."

"You dare not tell me so! What you, my daughter, married to that beggarly upstart—that—"

Springing to her feet, Isabel flashed back upon him a look as fierce and threatening as his own. "Hold, father!" she exclaimed; "no one—not even you, shall speak thus to me of my husband!"

"This, then, is the secret of your illness. Shameless girl! I wonder that you have the effrontery to look me in the face!"

A crimson flush swept upward to the temples, and for a moment the frank, fearless eyes wavered; then she lifted them proudly to his.

"I am a wife, father," she said, in a clear, steady voice, "and know not why I should blush to own that I am soon to be a mother!"

The old man's countenance, as she said this, was almost fearful to look upon; his eyes glared like a

tiger's beneath the heavy brows, while the veins across the forehead grew black and swollen. For a moment rage deprived him of the power of speech; and then raising his clenched hand, he shouted:

"Disgrace to your sex and name! out of my sight, lest I forget you are a woman! If half-an-hour hence you are found beneath my roof I will order the servants to thrust you into the street!"

The flash of the eye, the curve of the lip, the dilating of the nostrils, showed that in the slight, delicate form, dwelt something of his own haughty spirit.

"I will not remain that length of time," she said, turning to the door as she spoke. "I go; but mark my words—the time will come, ay, and speedily, when you would give worlds, were they yours, to recall this hour!"

Perfectly beside himself with passion, Squire Thorpe hurled a fierce imprecation after her; but the time did come when, in the agony of a too late repentance, he felt that that prophecy was fulfilled.

In less than half-an-hour, the only and delicately nurtured daughter of Squire Thorpe, of Thorpe Hall, was a wanderer.

* * * * *

"Ah, how do you do, Martin? All well at the Hall, I suppose?"

The genial smile that lit up that frank, handsome face dispersed for a moment the gloom that rested upon the brow of the old servant, who had been standing for the last half-hour by the open barouche waiting for the coming train, but it quickly reappeared.

"Sad times at the Hall, Master Paul," he groaned, shaking his head dolefully. "The squire is in a terrible way; he raves and carries on so, that it is really as much as one's life is worth to go near him."

The young man smiled; for he was well acquainted with his uncle's choleric temper.

"How is Miss Isabel?" he inquired.

"Heaven only knows how our sweet young lady is now! She went away last night, and I haven't seen her since."

Paul Denning looked surprised.

"Went away!" he repeated. "Where did she go?"

"Heaven only knows that, too, Master Paul. All that I can tell you is that she and the squire had high words yesterday. When she came out of the library she was as white as a sheet, though her eyes fairly glittered, they were so bright. 'Martin,' says she, 'tell Simon to bring the carriage directly to the door.' She went to her room, coming down in a few minutes with a small travelling-bag in her hand. As she was getting into the carriage I made bold enough to inquire if I should accompany her, as I oft-n had done when she went out; but she shook her head, saying that she should require no assistance, smiling as she spoke—but, oh, such a smile! It was more sad than any tears I ever saw."

The young man looked perplexed and troubled.

"Martin," he said, after some minutes' thought, "you are an old man, and I have no little confidence in your judgment and discretion; tell me truly—do you know the cause of this difficulty between Squire Thorpe and his daughter? You need not be afraid to tell me," he added, as the old man hesitated, evidently from fear of giving offence. "Was it anything in relation to me?"

One glance into those calm, serious eyes reassured Martin.

"I think it was, Master Paul. The squire had set his heart on you two being married, and you know he isn't used to being opposed in anything he takes it in his head to do."

"So you think Miss Isabel was averse to marrying me, Martin?"

"I think—meaning no offence to you, sir—that my dear young lady loved you as she would a brother, but that there was some one else she would sooner marry."

"Who was that?"

"He was Miss Isabel's tutor, and his name was Ainslie; that is all I know about him. He was a handsome, pleasant-spoken gentleman of twenty, or thereabouts, but young as he was, he had passed through some heavy sorrow, for there was always a sad look in his eye, and though his smile was pleasant as sunshine, it was but seldom one saw it. Though he seemed poor and friendless, he was a gentleman born and bred, as anyone might see. The squire was very fond of him until he saw how things were going, then, you may be sure, there was a stormy time, which ended in the young gentleman's leaving very suddenly. My poor young mistress never seemed the same since that day."

"So you think Miss Isabel loved him, Martin?"

"Ay, Master Paul; but not more than he did her, if looks and actions go for anything; and, in my way of thinking, they have a deal more meaning than words."

Paul Denning made no reply, but his brow took a sterner look than old Martin had ever seen it wear.

"I have been deceived," he muttered. "Poor Isabel!"

His mind was so anxious and ill at ease, that he scarcely paused to speak to the servants that crowded into the hall, eager to greet their dear young master, but passed on with a hurried step to the squire's private apartment, where the old man sat with his head bowed upon his hands. As he raised it, Paul's eyes softened as they rested upon his pale, haggard face.

Like most persons of his temperament, Squire Thorpe's anger was more fierce than lasting, and in this instance he had fairly raved himself into a state of comparative quiet.

His nephew's appearance, and the thoughts to which it gave rise, raised again the flood-gates of his wrath; but it was not difficult for Paul to discover, through his invectives against his daughter for her unfaithful conduct and excuses for his own, the true facts of the case.

He was evidently strongly moved, and walked up and down the room several times without speaking. He then paused abruptly, saying:

"Uncle, you have deceived me. When I confessed to you my scruples as to marrying Isabel, you gave me to understand that her happiness depended on it. You knew well that if my love for her had been other than what it is, I would sooner have lost my right arm than have entered into such a conspiracy against her peace."

Paul had obtained a strong influence over his uncle; the fixed principles by which he governed all his actions had won the respect of a heart ever at the mercy of impulse and passion.

His conscience told him that this accusation was just; and, for a moment, he shrank beneath the honest indignation of that look, and then he said, angrily:

"Does that excuse Isabel's treachery and disobedience—the disgrace she has brought upon me by marrying a nameless adventurer?"

"You drove her to it by your harshness and severity; and He only knows to what else you have driven her, or where; or how it is with her now!"

Squire Thorpe received this in moody silence. He was too proud to confess the alarm and compunction that were fast taking possession of his heart, but he made no objection to the energetic efforts put forth by his nephew to obtain some tidings of the wanderer.

With some difficulty he succeeded in tracing her to a town upon the coast, and there every trace of her was lost; and having inserted a description of her in all the principal papers, offering a large reward for any tidings of her whereabouts, Paul returned home.

Two months of anxious suspense followed, and then a letter reached him, bearing the postmark of the town to which she had been traced, stating that the body of a woman had been washed ashore, in the pocket of whose dress was a handkerchief, on which was the name of Isabel Thorpe.

Paul started immediately for the place. The body had been so long in the water that the features could not be recognised, but the hair, size, and above all, the handkerchief bearing her name, were conclusive evidence in his eyes that they were the remains of the unfortunate girl; and, with a sad heart, he brought them back with him, and they were laid in the old family tomb.

Squire Thorpe never rallied from the shock that this terrible blow gave him, and in less than a month was laid beside her.

CHAPTER II.

THE death of his uncle made Paul Denning master of Thorpe Hall and the valuable lands belonging to it. As the estate was entailed, he had been brought up with the expectancy of some day inheriting it, being the nearest male heir; but, as his uncle was not much beyond the prime of life, he had not thought to enter on its possession for years to come.

Orphaned when a mere lad, and with neither brother nor sister, he had spent his early years at Thorpe Hall, treated in every respect like a son by the squire, and loved and cherished as a brother by Isabel.

Entertaining for his cousin a purely fraternal affection, he had felt a painful reluctance to entering into any nearer relation; but his uncle's artfully conveyed impressions that Isabel's affections were irrevocably fixed upon him appealed strongly to his generous heart, and he determined that he would marry her, and not towards her, to the best of his ability, the part of a true and loving husband. And bitter were his regrets when he learned the error into which he had fallen, and its sad result. He was strongly attached to his cousin, and felt keenly her untimely death and the painful circumstances attending it.

The associations connected with Thorpe Hall made it gloomy and distasteful to him, and he resolved to leave the country for awhile, hoping, by travel and change of scene, to restore his mind to its usual tone. So, dismissing the domestics with the exception of Martin and two other old servants, he left England for the Continent.

Paul had been gone some months when a carriage drove into the village of Thorpewold, stopping at the sign of the Two Bears. It was a plain, dark, travelling carriage, such as any private gentleman might have; but a close observer could have detected an earl's coronet on its faded trimmings.

Its only occupants were a gentleman and one servant. The former was evidently an invalid, and was encoined in so many wrappings that little of his features could be distinguished as he descended from the carriage; yet there was a nameless something in his bearing that convinced the obsequious landlord that he was a person of wealth and distinction, which was strengthened by the liberality with which his servant paid for all that was ordered.

Soon after his arrival the stranger requested the presence of the landlord in his own apartment. After giving him some trifling orders, he made a number of inquiries about the people of the village, especially the family at the Hall.

The garrulous landlord needed little stimulation to induce him to tell all he knew about them, the substance of which the reader already knows, and which had been the subject of common gossip for miles around.

He had just finished a minute account of Isabel's mysterious disappearance and tragic end, when he was startled by a deep groan, and, on looking up, was shocked by the pallor that had overspread the face of the stranger, and the expression of agony it wore.

"Bless me! you are very ill," he exclaimed, bustling to his side.

"No; it is nothing," said the stranger, faintly waving him back. "Call Jean."

When Jean came he found his master in a deathly swoon, from which he was some time in recovering.

As soon as he unclosed his eyes his faithful attendant, who was well acquainted with his ways, turned the landlord, and his female attendants unceremoniously from the room, declaring "that all his master needed was rest and quiet."

The stranger kept his room for the remainder of the day, admitting no one to his presence save Jean.

The next morning his carriage was brought to the door, and, muffled up as before, with a paler cheek and a still more feeble step, he passed out, leaning heavily upon the arm of his servant. He simply inclined his head to the voluble thanks and protestations which the landlord poured forth in such lavish profusion.

Entering the carriage, the door of it was quickly closed by the imperturbable Jean, who, taking his seat by the driver, ordered him to drive on, which he did, taking the same road by which they came.

Paul Denning spent two years in travelling on the Continent, his estates being managed during the absence by an agent by the name of Olive, a lawyer of wealth and respectability, of whose only daughter Jane we shall have occasion to speak again.

The Hall was shut up, with the exception of a few rooms occupied by the servants.

Near the close of the second year of his stay it was rumoured throughout the village that the young squire was about to return, and that he would not come alone, but would bring a wife with him, a beautiful Italian lady.

For three months prior to his expected arrival the carpenters and upholsterers were busy at the Hall.

No part of it was removed, but some additions were made which gave it a more modern and cheerful aspect; new walks and gardens were laid out, and nothing spared that could add to its beauty and convenience.

At last all was in readiness, and on the day they were expected the whole village was eager with curiosity to behold the future mistress of Thorpe Hall.

But nothing could be discovered in the carriage that whirled rapidly through the village save a tall, broad-shouldered man, whose attention seemed to be entirely taken up by the slight, girlish form by his side, whose head was resting against his shoulder, as if completely overcome by fatigue.

The next day was the Sabbath; and many curious eyes were turned to the pew that had been so long vacant.

Paul's tall and stately figure, as he passed up the aisle, made the fairy form that floated, rather than walked beside it, seemed still more fairy-like in its proportions.

"How young!" was the involuntary thought of many who looked upon her; but they could not but add: "How marvellously beautiful!"

There was such a vivid contrast between the rich crimson on cheek and lip and the intense blackness of the hair and eyes. The jetty arch of the eyebrows was perfect, the forehead broad and full, the mouth small and dimpled.

Yet in the bewildering softness of those lustrous eyes dwelt a slumberous depth of passion, and the curve of the full, red lips denoted that quick, impulsive temperament which is often so fatal to its possessor.

Paul had altered considerably during his absence; the beard was darker and heavier, the features more decided, and the complexion bronzed by exposure to wind and sun; but there was the same honest look in the clear blue eyes, and the same kindly expression around the mouth, though the general cast of his countenance, when in repose, was rather grave and thoughtful.

Among the earliest of Paul's old acquaintances who called to offer their congratulations, were Mr. Olive and his daughter Jane. The latter had been, from early childhood, Isabel Thorpe's most intimate associate.

Before the old squire's death she used often to spend whole days at the Hall, which, of course, threw her a great deal in Paul's society, and there were some ill-natured enough to say that his marriage was a great disappointment to her—that she had

been ambitious enough to hope to be mistress of Thorpe Hall.

However that might be, there was not the slightest trace of it in her smiling face, as Paul presented her to his young bride. She professed a warm admiration and friendship for the beautiful stranger, which Margaret returned with all the ardent impulsiveness of her nature.

Paul was grateful to her for the interest she evinced in Margaret, who felt ill at ease among the formal conventionalities of English society, and who often cast a longing eye back on the sunny skies and vine clad hills of her own dear Italy; doing everything in his power to encourage their intimacy.

Possessing the ardent temperament of her race, Margaret's love for her husband was almost idolatrous, and it is little wonder, though loving her with all the strength of a strong and earnest nature, that his seemed almost cold in comparison. Indeed, the vehemence of her feelings often startled him, while her impatient temper and strong tendency to jealousy occasioned him much secret uneasiness.

It was easy to perceive that, however much Margaret loved Paul, she had not perfect confidence in him, or rather she was not certain of his love for her. The truth was, she did not understand him; if she had, she could have distrusted neither his love nor integrity.

Paul was never very demonstrative in his feelings, and his peculiarly isolated life, devoid of the ties of near kindred, increased the natural reserve of his manner.

There were rare moments when the deep tenderness of his heart found audible expression, but he generally found it difficult to express all he felt in his outward manner.

Could Margaret have looked down through the almost cold quietude of his manner to the heart that was glowing with strong and fervent love for her, it would have saved them both years of wretchedness; but she measured it by her own impulsive, demonstrative nature, and, of course, found it wanting.

One day Margaret was searching Paul's desk for some note-paper, when, on opening a drawer, she came across a small gold locket.

Taking it up, she lifted her eyes with a hesitating, inquiring look to her husband's face, who was sitting near by.

"Open it," he said, quietly.

As she did so she uttered an ejaculation of surprise and admiration.

It was the likeness of a very lovely girl, about her own age, with sweetly smiling lips, violet eyes, and chestnut hair.

"How beautiful! Who is it, Paul?"

"My cousin Isabel."

"You never told me that you had a cousin," she said, a jealous fear springing up in her heart as her eyes reverted to that fair, sweet face, that was such a contrast to her own dark beauty.

Paul made no reply to this, his saddened, abstracted look showing that his thoughts had wandered backward.

Margaret approached him, and, laying her hand upon his shoulder, looked earnestly in his face.

"Did you love her, Paul?" she said, in a low, hesitating voice.

"Yes, I loved her very much, Margaret. Not as I love you, darling," he added, observing, for the first time, her troubled look; she was to me like a very dear sister. Poor Isabel!"

"Why do you say that, Paul? Tell me all about her," said Margaret, taking a low seat at his side, and laying her head against his knee.

"Not now, Margaret. It is a very painful subject to me. Some time I will tell you all about her."

"Where is she now?"

"In Heaven, I trust."

Margaret felt a sudden remorse as she realised the pain her thoughtless questions must have caused him, and she exclaimed, with her characteristic impulsiveness:

"Is she dead, then? Dear me, how sorry I am I spoke of her."

She would have been a sister to you, Margaret, had she lived. She was as lovely in mind as she was in person, and you would have loved her as well as I did."

Margaret did not assent to this, but looked thoughtful.

"Do you know, Paul," she said, naively, after a pause, "that I cannot bring myself to feel sorry that you have no mother or sister, or anybody to love but me?"

"Why not, dear? I should not have loved you less."

"Perhaps not; but I want you all to myself."

Paul smiled.

"I am afraid my little wife is rather selfish. The

absence of all these ties has made my life, until now, a very lonely one."

Margaret was silent for some minutes, during which she never once removed her eyes from her husband's face.

"Ah, how I wish you loved me as I do you," she exclaimed at last, as if thinking aloud.

Paul looked down in surprise into those dark, expressive eyes, full of passionate, pleading tenderness.

"What makes you think I do not, Margaret? How do you love me?"

A deep crimson in the cheeks grew brighter until it flushed the temples, the eyes dilated and grew luminous with the strong emotion that this question called forth.

"How do I love you?" she exclaimed, passionately. "It is not love that I feel, it is worship. If you were to die I would not, could not live; and if you were to love another I should go mad. Is your love anything like this, Paul?"

For a moment Paul was silent; then he laid his hand tenderly on her head, saying:

"Dear love, I am not given to transports, as some men are, who, perhaps, feel far less than I; but this I can say, you are very, very dear to me; cannot the knowledge of that satisfy you?"

"Yes; but, somehow, I don't feel sure of you. It seems as though you were going to be taken from me."

Ah, how often do we, by brooding over dark forebodings, bring about their fulfilment!

CHAPTER III.

WEEKS and months glided on, for the most part smoothly and happily. Paul seemed to be devoted to his young wife, and she never was so happy as when with him.

At last a change came over Paul; he grew silent and abstracted, spending for two weeks a portion of nearly every evening away from home, without giving Margaret any satisfactory reason as to where he went; and vague, undefined suspicions were aroused in her heart.

Paul had often suggested to Margaret that she should send for Jane Clive during his absence, and she had generally done so.

"Margaret," said Paul, as they both arose from the dinner-table, "I regret to say that I shall be obliged to leave you again. I am called by urgent business to Carlisle, and shall not be able to return until morning. You had better send Martin over to see if Miss Clive cannot spend the night with you."

Martin returned in the course of half-an-hour, bringing Margaret a note, the reading of which threw her into a state of strange agitation. She heard a well-known step, and had just time to thrust it into her bosom when her husband entered.

Had not Paul's mind been completely pre-occupied, he would have observed something singular in the expression of her countenance, and he stooped to kiss her.

"Are you going now? The next train does not leave for three hours yet."

As Margaret said this, she fixed her eyes upon her husband's face, as though she would read his very soul; but he did not betray the slightest symptoms of embarrassment.

"True, my love," he replied; "but I have somewhere else to go first."

There was a vague feeling of pain in Paul's heart as he turned away; he missed something in Margaret's manner to which he had always been accustomed.

She expressed neither dissatisfaction at his going, nor impatience for his return. She did not follow him to the door, as she had been wont to do, clinging to him with childlike fondness, and holding up her sweet mouth for still another kiss.

Something like self-reproach smote him, and he resolved that on the morrow he would explain the seeming mystery of his conduct.

As soon as she was alone, Margaret hastily attired herself in a dark mantle, whose heavy folds completely enveloped her person, and wrapping a thick veil around her head, stealthily left the house.

Avoiding the main-road, she took by-paths never once staying her hurried steps until she came to the edge of a grove, where stood a pretty cottage, half hidden by vines and shrubbery, and which she had often admired in her drives with her husband about the place.

By the time she reached it, it was quite dark, but a bright light streamed from one of its windows. Approaching it, Margaret pushed away the vines that shaded it, and looked in. As she did so her eyes shot forth a fierce gleam, the small fingers clutched

each other convulsively, while her whole frame seemed congealed into marble.

There was the original of the miniature she had seen in her husband's desk, paler and sadder looking, it was true, but still the same. She knew it by the poise of the head, the gentle, yet lofty look around the small, delicate mouth, and the deep blue eyes. And there, seated close by her side, and with her hand resting in his, was Paul Denning, her husband, smiling upon that sweet, young face, with lips on which her parting kiss was still warm.

He seemed to be talking to her in earnest and tender tones, but she was unable to distinguish a word that he said. Poor Margaret! well had it been for her if she could. But whatever it was, it seemed not to be wanting in effect upon the listener, for her head gradually drooped until it rested upon his shoulder.

Soon they both arose and moved to the other end of the room. As Margaret's eyes followed them she saw lying asleep upon a couch a fair, rosy child, about three years old.

"Merciful father! Is that his child?" If she had doubted it she did so no longer when she saw Paul stoop and kiss its forehead.

As he lifted his head he said a few words to the young mother, bending upon her a look full of pity and tenderness.

Margaret could hear neither this nor the reply, but she saw the smile that played around the lips, and the expression of love and confidence in the eyes as she lifted them to his, and it heightened almost into frenzy the fierce jealousy that was raging in her heart.

Paul then turned to the door. As he descended the steps he passed so near to the bushes under which the wretched woman crouched, as to brush her garments.

For some minutes Margaret lay upon the ground, clutching the turf in her fierce agony, while ever and anon low moans broke from her lips.

She then arose, and glided away as swiftly and noiselessly as she came.

She did not, however, retrace her steps, but took another path, which led to Mr. Clive's house.

Approaching one of the windows of a room with which she was well acquainted, she three times tapped on one of the panes.

The casement, which descended to the floor, was immediately opened by a female figure, and Margaret passed in; then the window was shut, and the curtains closely drawn.

On Paul's return the next morning his first thought was for Margaret.

He was somewhat disappointed when Martin told him "that Mrs. Denning had gone out some time in the evening, and had not yet returned," for he had something of importance to communicate to her.

"I suppose she spent the night at Mr. Clive's," he said to himself, "instead of Jane's coming here."

But after breakfast, as she did not make her appearance, he determined to ride over there, and to bring her home.

But when he reached Mr. Clive's he found, to his surprise and alarm, that she was not there, neither had they seen anything of her.

He immediately returned home, and instituted a rigid search for her throughout the house and grounds, but not a trace of her could be discovered. Her room was the same as he had left it; her jewels untouched, not an article of her wardrobe taken.

Tortured by the fear that she had either made away with herself, or something had befallen her, he had the pond dragged, but, to his great relief, found nothing to confirm his suspicion.

But the reader will be wondering at Isabel's sudden reappearance after her supposed death and burial. It was one of the many cases of mistaken identity.

She passed through the town where her death was supposed to have taken place, remaining over one night, and then taking passage in a ship bound to Sydney, where her husband was when she last heard from him.

She remembered losing a handkerchief and some other trifling articles; but whether they were taken by the woman, who was afterwards found dead, or placed upon the body for the purpose of obtaining the reward, it is impossible to say.

All Isabel's efforts to discover her husband proved unavailing; she found, indeed, the place where he had been, but the people there could tell her nothing of his whereabouts, as he left very suddenly, giving them no intimation as to where he was going.

Penniless, in a strange land, and near the time for her confinement, Isabel's heart sank at the dreary prospect before her.

But, fortunately, she fell into the hands of a kind-hearted family, who, pitying her situation, offered her a temporary home.

She remained with them until her babe was six months old, when she returned to England, the people who so generously befriended her furnishing her the means to do so.

On her arrival she learned for the first time not only her father's death, but that she was supposed to be no longer living.

A mother, but unable to prove that she was a wife, she determined to let it remain so.

For some time she managed to earn a precarious living for herself and child; but at last her health began to fail, and unable to see her boy suffer, she reluctantly made known her existence to Paul, imploring him, however, not to reveal it to anyone, not even to Margaret.

To this Paul at first consented; but finding how difficult it would be for him to do honourably all his health prompted him to do for her unless he acted openly, he had, on the very night of his wife's disappearance, succeeded in winning Isabel's consent that she should tell Margaret her past history, and the secret of her return.

Paul's knowledge of Margaret's temperament made him suspect that jealousy was the mainspring of her inexplicable conduct.

On what it was founded it was impossible for him to decide, though he had many fears that she had discovered his visits to Grove Cottage, which he was fitting up for Isabel, and believing him to be false to her, had, with her usual impulsiveness, condemned him unheard.

But how unlike her to go so quietly! It seemed almost incredible to him that she could leave him for ever without a parting interview, if only to upbraid him for his treachery, or at least writing a letter to that import.

Paul's generous heart cherished no resentful feeling towards the erring young creature who had so wronged and misjudged him. He felt only the most compassionate tenderness for her, for well he knew how much she must have suffered before she could have taken so desperate a step; and he was untiring in his efforts to find the place of her retreat.

At last he discovered that a lady, answering in every respect to her description, had embarked on board the *Speedwell*, bound to Italy.

Paul determined at once to follow her, and never give over his search until he found her, or received satisfactory proof of her death.

As he had already reinstated Isabel and her child in the home to which he felt they were entitled, he had nothing to prevent his putting this purpose into execution but a few business matters, which were easily arranged.

Need it be said that this search for Margaret resulted in her return to the old Hall, and to the love and happiness she had so rashly thrown from her?

M. G. H.

FACETIÆ.

"REVOCARE GRADUM."

(A Sonnet.)

Could we retrace our steps, and once more

run

The race of life along the world's wide

ways,

With knowledge born of many wasted

days,

We should not dread the solemn evening

gun

That summons us to see life's setting sun.

With bitter recollections in its rays--

Hot darts of grief, that pierce Hope's

misty haze,

Robbing the dying day whose work is done!

There is no going back! Time's lightning

wing

Flies straight to death! And we can do

nothing,

Such pressure is upon us! None can bring

Their strides to steps!—to step is foolish-

ness!—

And so we live too fast!—In but one thing

Of all is wisdom shown—a "pull-back

dress!"

—FUN.

A QUERY.

SOMEONE writes to know if the Tripartite Alliance means the Threepart Alliance. It should

not, there is more of the United Kingdom Alliance about it. —Fun.

THE WAR SCARE.

(Denials at the service of Mr. Punch's respected contemporaries.)

It is not true that the Band of the Royal Horse Guards (Blue) are to be sent at once to Kars under the command of the assistant-surgeon.

THE Corps of Commissionaries are not to be permanently embodied and despatched to the West Coast of Africa, at the rate of one shilling per private per hour.

THERE is not the smallest foundation for the report that all the cab-horses of London (not already used for the purpose) have been purchased for mounting the adjutants of the Militia.

LORD BRACONFIELD is not learning Russian.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE is not taking lessons in Turkish.

THE Thames round Chiswick Eyot is not being planted with torpedoes.

RUSSIAN vessels have not been warned to leave Margate Jetty within twenty-four hours.

THE bagpipers of the Scots-Guards (new style) have not been called upon to defend Constantinople at the mouths of their own chanters.

AND lastly, it is the purest fabrication to declare that Mr. Punch has either sent his carte de visite to the Sultan or has challenged the Emperor Alexander to single combat. —Punch.

BELLERS TO MEND.

ACCORDING to advertisements in the "Times" and other papers, "a committee of eighteen gentlemen, with power to add to their number, has been appointed to take steps to stop the tramways' bell nuisance." At the rate we are going, we shall come to a universal stop shortly, everybody objecting to what everybody else does; and we may expect a committee of eighteen other gentlemen. To us it certainly seems strange that if this advertising committee has so great an objection to a bell upon a horse they should themselves spend money and time for no other purpose than just to bell the cat. —Fun.

THE ALTERNATIVE.

It was a moment of supreme agony. Tempest tossed on the waves of the wild Atlantic, the steamship Obadiah, by a violent motion, had flung into the raging billows the wife and the mother of a benevolent-looking passenger, one to the right and one to the left.

"Oh, it is like a terrible poem," exclaimed an enthusiastic young woman in blue eyes and gold curls.

"Which will he save? Which will he save?" faltered the lady passengers, preparing to wring their hands and shriek whichever side he jumped.

"What a terrible alternative!" ejaculated the gentlemen, suddenly remembering not one of them could swim.

But he, the husband and the son of those fast drifting women, what did he say? He strode eagerly first to one side and then to the other, he passed his hand across his noble brow, a holy light of heroism filled his eyes, and making a rapid dive—for the cabin stairs—he exclaimed, "That's a double dose o' luck, anyhow." —Fun.

TWIGGIZ-VOUS?

ON the 24th ult., "Miss Adela Grace Uranie Constance Evelyn De Franco Franco Percy was married at Paddington to Mr. John Edward Twigg."

Poor little Twigg, to be thus grafted on the stately genealogical tree of the Percys. But what a prosaic ending to Miss Adela Grace Uranie Constance Evelyn De Franco Franco Percy's three-volume novel appellation. In the name of all "the unities" such a Twigg affair as this ought to have been at once "broken off!" —Fun.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.

THE price of bread, we are informed, "is rising seriously in Paris." That is, although the old heaven makes the bread light, there is nothing like levity about the charge for it. —Fun.

ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

THE Geological Society write us that the rumour that Sir John Lubbock had delivered a lecture on the discovery of Cairns and a Cave in the Houses of Parliament is incorrect. —Fun.

BY YOUR LEAF.

SOME pilgrims have been visiting the Pope, and before leaving presented him with an "an elegantly bound volume, of which every page was a bank-

note." How they managed to make separate notes of each side of one piece of paper is not stated; but for far more important reasons than the gratification of mere curiosity on this subject, we should much like to "take a leaf out of that book." —Fun.

A HOLY POLY.

"SEVERAL North Poles have joined the foreign legion in Constantinople." Perhaps Captain Nares couldn't find the one he wanted because it had started on the journey. —Fun.

MR. X HIS MARK.

OF all the mean things ever perpetrated by a Conservative Ministry the meanest was their putting up the Cross to defend their sympathy with the Crescent. —Fun.

AN OLD MURPHY.

MRS. JONES says it's quite right to call them political spouters aged taters, for they evidently think they're no small potatoes themselves to hear 'em. —Fun.

"HE KNOWS."

WHERE the sun, adlant,
Lights the English shore,
And a sea-kiss bears
To the hamlets o'er,

By a little grave
Stands a slab of stone,
With the touching words,
"He knows," carved alone.

And the sexton grave,
If you wait to hear,
Of a shipwreck tells
In the by-gone year.

How this babe alone
Gave the hungry sea
To the friendly earth,
Gave it grudgingly;

How the grasping hands
Of the wreckers bore,
With a tender care,
The small freight ashore

How they made its grave
Where the grass was green,
And the buttercups
Shone like lamps between.

When they laid it low
In its grassy bed,
"What name on the stone?"
Then the spokesman said.

The old sexton turned,
As he answered low,
"What name?"—He knows:
And they graved it so.

* * * * *

Ah! the legend small
Over land and sea
Like an echo comes
Through the dark to me;

Through the stormy days,
Through the wails and woes,
Like a silver chime—
Sweet and low—"He knows."

GEMS.

NEVER go back. What you attempt do with all your strength. Determination is omnipotent. If the prospect be somewhat darkened, put the fire of resolution to your soul, and kindle a flame that nothing but death can extinguish.

THERE appears to exist a greater desire to live long than to live well. Measure by man's desires, he cannot live long enough; measure by his good deeds, and he has not lived long enough; measure by his evil deeds, and he has lived too long.

PROBABLY there is not one of us who has come to middle age, who does not often have moods in which he would gladly lay down his own old self, and be literally born again—a new man, unfettered by past obligations, uninjured by past mistakes. We dream about what we would do, if we could begin anew; but dreaming is only dreaming, and wishes are not horses for any of us to ride. Such as we have made our own lives we must live them.

STATISTICS.

TRADE.—The following may be of interest as showing how the trade of the port of London has already been disturbed during the past month by the unsettled state of affairs on the Continent. The number of ships cleared with cargoes during April was 477, representing 233,626 tons. Of these 285 were British steamers, of 122,206 tons; 117 British sailing vessels, 70,392 tons; 52 foreign steamers, of 27,092 tons; and 78 foreign sailing vessels, of 13,036 tons. The number of ships cleared during April, 1876, was 558, representing 269,444 tons, which comprised 295 British steamers, of 137,797 tons; 139 British sailing, of 79,120 tons; 65 foreign steamers, of 36,142 tons; and 64 foreign sailing, of 16,385 tons. These figures show a decrease in the tonnage of 36,818. The disturbance is the more evident, as the clearances of the four months of the present year show an increase of 90 ships and 8,765 tons as compared with the first four months of 1876.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TO WASH FLANNELS.—Flannels should be washed in soft water, soap, and much blue. The water should be as hot as the hands will bear; ring them as dry as possible, shake them and hang them out; but do not rinse them after the lather.

TO TAKE MILDEW OUT OF LINEN.—Take soap and rub it well; then scrape some fine chalk, and rub that also in the linen; lay it on the grass; as it dries wet it a little, and it will come out at twice doing.

ORANGE DROPS.—Rasp six China oranges, squeeze three lemons, but do not rasp the rinds, add some pounded sugar to the juice, making it of a fine thickness, put it in a stew-pan over the fire, and turn it with a wooden spoon for five minutes; then take it off the fire, and drop in portions about the size of a sixpence on writing-paper; when they are cold, put them in a box.

TOOTH-WASH.—The safest, cheapest, most universally accessible, and most efficient, is a piece of white soap, with a moderately stiff tooth-brush, every morning.

SIMPLE REMEDY FOR BURNS.—Common whiting mixed with water to the consistency of a thick cream, spread on linen, forms an excellent local application to burns and scalds. The whole burnt surface should be covered, thus excluding the action of the air. The ease it affords is instantaneous, and it only requires to be kept moist by occasional sprinkling of cold water.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Messrs. MEUX AND Co., the brewers, who have been engaged for some time in sinking a well at their brewery in Tottenham Court Road, have struck the greensand at a depth of 1001 feet and obtained water. Sinking three feet more, an ample supply was obtained for their own purposes; and the engineers believe there is in the greensand an ample supply for the whole of the wants of London.

THE Queen recently visited Aldershot and reviewed the troops encamped. Her Majesty arrived at the Farnborough station, where she was received by Sir Thomas Steele and officers of the divisional staff, and drove at once to the Royal Pavilion. The march past did not begin until four o'clock, and her Majesty left for Windsor soon after five. About twelve thousand men of all ranks were on the ground. The weather all day was delightfully fine, and the review was witnessed by several thousands of spectators.

EIGHTY-TON GUNS.—In the presence of a great many privileged visitors, the fifth and last of the 80-ton guns ordered by the War Office has been welded under the great hammer at the Royal Gun Factories at Woolwich. The whole of the five guns were to be seen in their various stages—the first, or experimental gun, on the pier, awaiting transport to Shoeburyness; the second receiving the finishing touches; and the other three more or less advanced. The second gun is now ready for proof at the butts as a 15½-inch gun, and will fire five-foot projectiles with heavy charges, after which it will be taken to Shoeburyness and fired, like its predecessor, at the long range, with twenty rounds of shrapnel and twenty of common shell. The projectiles will be without studs, rotation being imparted by the gas check; and it is expected that the whole question as to the best form of gas check for the purpose will be decided in a few days.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A COUNTRY READER.—Cooper's Effervescent Lozenges may be obtained of Mr. W. T. Cooper, 26, Oxford Street, London, W., post free for one shilling and twopenny, and of most chemists. Apply to your bookseller, who will be able to give you all the necessary information.

H. E. B.—Distemper is a preparation of colours without oil, only mixed with size, white of eggs, or some glutinous or unctuous substance, with which kind of colour all the ancient pictures before the year 1410 are said to have been painted, as also all the celebrated cartoons by Raffaele.

LYE.—You need not enclose your address. If responded to you may see the announcement in the third column of this page.

J. H.—Send your description and the name of the lady selected, and your response will be inserted in the usual way.

SHAUGHRAUN.—The manner of salutation depends upon the relationship of the parties; the degree of familiarity or affection to be demonstrated varies with circumstances. One's own good sense should be the best guide. Without the existence of a recognised engagement it would be manifestly improper to act as you describe.

J. E. J.—If the quicksilver has escaped from your barometer you had better call in the assistance of an expert; to repair the damage is an operation which cannot well be performed without considerable experience. Dispose quicksilver over a sheet of tinfoil with hare's foot or any other suitable article, then place the glass upon it with a sufficient weight. The mercury and tinfoil will amalgamate after a while.

SARAH W.—The 8th Battalion (not company) of the 88th Regiment is at the time we are writing stationed at Bermuda, with depot at Galway, according to the Army List published on the 8th of May last. The next issue of this List you had better consult in order to ascertain if any alteration has been made in the disposition of the battalion referred to. Some of the weekly newspapers, as well as military and naval papers, publish a list of army stations as early in the month as possible.

A PREPARED ONE.—Ham and eggs are very acceptable as portion of an ordinary breakfast, but are not suitable for the auspicious occasion of a wedding. What should be provided for a "respectable" wedding breakfast depends upon the means of the parties concerned and the season of the year. If you must have eggs let them be, say, plovers served in savoury jelly. Ham, tongue, and chicken—jointed and tied together with white ribbon—may be had, with raised pies, jellies, creams, iced fancy dishes of pastry, sweets of various kinds, fruit in season, cakes, &c., the bride cake being in centre of table, the épergnes and other things disposed as taste might suggest. The best way to manage these things is to go to a confectioner, who will supply and arrange everything properly, without trouble to yourself, at a certain fixed sum, which will probably be found the cheapest in the end. A luncheon as well as the breakfast is unnecessary, as the breakfast is partaken of at luncheon time. "How is the bride received after getting married?" In any way you may think consistent with her position as the most important person in the company—with affectionate felicitations and so on. The bride and bridegroom sit together usually in the centre of one side of the table opposite the cake, with the old folks (if any) at either end. When the practical part of the breakfast is over the cake is cut by the first bridesmaid, exercising her own judgment as to the manner, regulated by a foreknowledge of the number of pieces to be apportioned. The bride may herself place the knife in the cake. Then follow the toasts and replies, &c.

T. W. E.—All communications sent with a view of being printed should be written on one side only of the paper. Your poem is, however, in other respects unsuitable.

E. S.—Colour of hair light brown—bright and pretty. Topsy and Lottie, two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Topsy is tall, good-looking, blue eyes, and fond of music. Lottie is tall, dark, good-looking, brown hair, hazel eyes.

J. W. C. F., twenty-five, would like to correspond with a young lady. Respondent must be between eighteen and twenty, fair, good-looking, of a loving disposition, and fond of music.

Ted wishes to correspond with a young lady about seventeen. He is nineteen, dark, and of a loving disposition.

N. J. and G. A., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to receive carte-de-visites of two young ladies, with a view to matrimony. N. J. is tall, fair, hazel eyes, and of a loving disposition. G. A. is twenty, medium height, dark hair and eyes, good-looking, and good-tempered. Respondents must be between nineteen and twenty-three.

HARRIETT, twenty-one, good-looking, tall, brown hair and eyes, would like to correspond with a tall young gentleman.

MARGARET, thirty, fair, would like to correspond with a young man with a view to matrimony. Respondent must be between eighteen and twenty-eight, and of a loving disposition.

W. H. and E. G., two friends, wish to correspond with two young men. W. H. is twenty-four, tall, dark hair and eyes. E. G. is of medium height, brown hair, blue eyes. Respondents must be tall, good-looking, fond of home.

A YEAR AGO.

A YEAR ago we walked the woods,

A year ago to-day;
The lanes were white with fragrant bloom,
The hedges sweet with May.

We trod the happy woodland ways,

Where sunset lights between
The slender hazel-stems streamed clear,
And turned to gold the green.

The birds sang through the cool green arch,

Where clouds of wind-flowers grew;
That beauty all was lost to me,
For lack of love to you.

And you, too, missed the peace which might

Have been, yet might not be,
From too much doubt and fear of fate,
And too much love of me.

This year, oh, love! no thing is changed,

As bright a sunset glow;
Again we walk the wild wet woods,
Again the blue-bell blows.

But still our parted spirits fail

Spring's happiness to touch;
For now you do not care for me,
And I love you too much.

AMOS K. and MURRAY M., two friends, would like to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Amos K. is twenty-five, a widow, brown hair and eyes, thoroughly domesticated, of a loving disposition. Murray M. is nineteen, tall, black hair, blue eyes, good-looking.

M. J. and W. H. C., two signalmen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies, with a view to matrimony. M. J. is twenty-one, medium height, handsome, and good-tempered. W. H. C. is nineteen, good-looking, medium height, good-tempered, fond of home and children. Respondents must be good-looking, good-tempered, and fond of home, children, and dancing.

L. L. and M. S., two friends, fond of home and music, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young gentlemen. Respondents must be dark, good-looking, and tall. L. L. is nineteen. M. S. is twenty-one. Both are tall.

RECKY, twenty-one, tall, dark hair and eyes, affectionate, and domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man about her own age.

MATILDA, nineteen, a domestic, grey eyes, auburn hair, would like to correspond with a young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Must be between twenty and twenty-four, tall, dark, and loving.

C. R., nineteen, a tradesman, would like to exchange carte-de-visite with a young lady about seventeen, good-looking, and fond of music.

E. F. and M. L., two friends, would like to correspond with two gentlemen. E. F. is twenty-three, dark, medium height, fond of home and children. M. L. is twenty-one, fair, short.

L. B. and LOTTIE, two friends, would like to correspond with two young men with a view to matrimony. L. B. is twenty, tall, light hair, blue eyes. Lottie is nineteen, medium height, dark brown hair, blue eyes. Both are considered good-looking, and domesticated. Respondents must be of loving dispositions, dark, fond of home and music.

WILLIAM, twenty-five, good-looking, fond of home and music, would like to correspond with a respectable young lady.

COLLIN, twenty-seven, auburn hair, fair complexion, medium height, stout, good-tempered, would like to correspond with a dark young lady about twenty-five, medium height, good-looking.

B. L. and A. C. would like to correspond with two

gentlemen. B. L. is eighteen, dark hair and eyes, fond of home, and considered good-looking. A. C. is seventeen, dark hair, light eyes, considered handsome.

J. M., twenty-two, good-looking, dark hair and eyes, fond of music, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady who must be domesticated.

G. G. and M. W., two friends, wish to correspond with two young ladies. D. G. is twenty, good-looking, medium height. M. W. is nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and dark.

M. L., a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, fair, hazel eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young woman about twenty, medium height, fair.

N. F. and C. G., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. N. F. is twenty-three, black hair, blue eyes, and medium height, of a loving disposition. C. G. is twenty-four, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes. Respondents must be of loving dispositions, dark, and fond of home and children.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

JENNIE L. is responded to by—George, twenty-nine, considered good-looking, blue eyes, of a loving disposition.

ANNIE by—Amicilia, twenty, dark brown hair, highly respectable.

G. G. by—F. L. M., eighteen, medium height, good-looking, and dark.

C. F. S. by—W. J. D., twenty, tall, good-looking, of dark complexion.

C. G. by—N. B., twenty, fair, medium height.

G. S. by—L. S., nineteen, dark.

WILL by—Jennie, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition, fond of home. Would like to receive carte-de-visite.

H. R. by—Lizzie, twenty-two.

R. M. by—Winnie, twenty-one.

ALICE by—W. J. S.

G. M. by—Little One, fair, medium height, of a loving disposition.

GEORGE by—Louisa, twenty-two, dark hair and eyes, medium height, thoroughly domesticated, and fond of home.

S. D. F. by—Lily, twenty, tall, fond of home.

E. D. by—Rebecca S., thirty, medium height, good-looking, fond of home.

G. F. M. by—Beatrice A., twenty-two, medium height, dark hair and eyes, thoroughly domesticated, fond of home.

BESSIE by—J. W. P., twenty-nine, of a loving disposition.

DAY by—Rose Ada, nineteen, tall, dark, grey eyes, light brown hair, in a very good position, and fond of home.

T. D. F. by—Jenny D., twenty, medium height, fair, light blue eyes, light brown hair.

TOM, a seaman in the Royal Navy, by—Emily B., twenty, dark hair and eyes, and very fond of home and children.

E. G. by—Emily E. M.

GEORGE by—R., twenty-two, fair, thoroughly domesticated.

S. D. F. by—F. W., twenty.

BESSIE by—Chemist, eighteen, fond of home, accomplished, and good-looking.

A. D. F. by—Polly, dark hair and eyes, and fond of home.

BESSIE by—John H.

DAN, a seaman in the Royal Navy, by—Elizabeth B., nineteen, dark hair and eyes, dark complexion, fond of home.

POLLY by—J. W. P., twenty-nine, medium height, of a loving disposition.

WILL by—E. P., thirty-three, dark hair and eyes, of a loving disposition.

ALF by—Nelly, eighteen, tall, grey eyes, and brown hair.

TED by—Topsy, seventeen, hazel eyes, brown hair, and medium height.

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